



No. 108.—Vol. IX.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6^d.



MR. JOHN HARE AS BENJAMIN GOLDFINCH IN "A PAIR OF SPECTACLES,"

AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS.

The Chat Noir has had its day. For some months it remained closed, and I paid two visits to the Rue Victor Massé, to be greeted each time with a diplomatic announcement of *réparations* and *clôture annuelle*. The old haunt is open again, but I regret to say that the *réparations* have not checked the ravages of moral decay. For the Chat Noir has sunk from the peaks of *décadence* to the slough of a *bourgeois* entertainment. To find this classic home of effrontery given up to "L'Enfant Prodiges" is as great a shock as would be the spectacle of Aubrey Beardsley devoting his years of discretion to children's picture-books. So I murmur "Ichabod!" and turn sorrowfully from the Rue Victor Massé to the Boulevard Clichy, where the Cabaret des Quat-z-Arts, a few doors from the Moulin Rouge, maintains the noble tradition which the Chat Noir has deserted.

The Cabaret des Quat-z-Arts is freely decorated by independent genius. One picture on the walls represents the figure of a man hanging from a cross in the desert, with an arrow in his entrails. His head has fallen forward, his eye is glazing, and the process of bleeding to death is just achieved. Side by side with this cheerful work is a canvas which is evidently symbolic of Montmartre. Pilgrims have been performing some solemn rite, and are now, with the stimulus of a band and under the direction of a lady in very airy garments, turning their souls to a more joyous occupation, partially indicated by a foaming flagon of beer. One or two dashing landscapes complete the mural decorations; but I am chiefly interested by a modest *affiche*, which announces that the poets and singers of the quarter will favour me with their own compositions, and especially with a "Revue" at half-past ten of the clock. The only jarring note in these festive preparations is a request not to applaud with my stick, a restriction of the native freedom of Montmartre which excites a misgiving in my mind that the Cabaret des Quat-z-Arts will presently go the way of the Chat Noir. *On est prié ne pas applaudir avec les cannes* reads to me uncommonly like *Delenda est Carthago*. When I arrive, M. Paul Daubry, poet, is singing his delectable ballad of Madagascar, which he is affable enough to sell to me for half a franc. I gather from this that the chief uses of the new colony which France is projecting will be to recruit the Jardin d'Acclimation, and to furnish Montmartre with agreeable jests about the Malagasy. Having provided myself with a copy of the "Revue," dedicated by the authors, MM. Secot and Yon-Lug, to M. Trombert, the *patron* of the Cabaret, I am prepared for the facetious uproar of a gentleman who, for professional purposes, rejoices in the name of Bobèche, and who clamours for the chief business of the evening. This is very well, but where is Yon-Lug? He appears presently, and explains that he has been detained *chez une femme du monde*. Figure a little man all over hair, with long black locks hanging down his shoulders—so hirsute, indeed, that his back is scarcely distinguishable from his front, and you will understand that the taste of the *femme du monde* tickles the Cabaret des Quat-z-Arts.

From this point the "Revue" proceeds by quip, song, and travesty to touch various incidents and personages which have amused Paris in 1894. M. Zola is the subject of a canticle with the refrain "Emilium Adoremus," sung with great fervour. It is hinted, not obscurely, that his visit to Rome was inspired by the idea that, having failed to enter the Academy, he might persuade the Pope to canonise him. The irrepressible Bobèche explains to the audience that he is paid twenty sous a night by the *patron* to come and listen to this stuff, whereupon M. Trombert, very muscular and truculent, threatens the sprightly interrupter with an awful reckoning. One of the jokes is to turn out the lights suddenly and rattle the tables, as if a bomb had exploded, a burlesque of Anarchism which is an excellent test of the nerves. Fired, no doubt, by the example of Bobèche, an amateur essays a little spontaneous humour. He protests that, as a musician, he is offended by the score of one of the songs, a criticism which raises above the edge of the piano the indignant nose of the mild-looking accompanist. In the middle of a pretty little Breton ballad, sung by M. Marcel Legay, who has a head like Shakspeare, and a waistcoat of the year 1848, the amateur murmurs, "Vous êtes un maître." "Et cinquante," retorts the Shaksperian head, with an unblushing perversion of *maître* into *mètre*, and then resumes his affecting lay. Perhaps the wit is not always of the first order, and I am aghast at the strains in which the virtues of the Cabaret des Quat-z-Arts are extolled to the tune which the French call "Ta-ma-ra-boum-di-hé." But the invincible good-humour of Montmartre is exhilarating.

The two most popular pieces on the Paris stage this winter are "Hôtel de Libre Échange," at the Nouveautés, and "La Duchesse de Ferrare," at the Bouffes-Parisiens. The first is a farce of the old Palais Royal type, with much horseplay in bedrooms, and tell-tale smudges on the faces of philandering husbands. It seems to be a great comfort to the highly respectable middle-class in Paris, whose zest of life is enhanced by jokes broad enough to make a causeway for all the omnibuses abreast. The comic opera at the Bouffes-Parisiens is addressed to a different taste. It is remarkable chiefly for the acting of M. Huguenet, who is made up in a striking semblance of Sir Frederick Leighton, and who engages in pranks which would startle the President of the Royal Academy. M. Huguenet is a distinguished painter who condescends to glance at the work of the young women drawing from the life in a certain *atelier*. There is a similar scene in the "Artist's Model," at Daly's, but it is not so well done. M. Huguenet takes a fancy to a Swedish countess, a widow, who describes her first marriage as her *service militaire*. The widow is beloved by a young professor, to whom, in the first act, M. Huguenet confides his method with *femmes du monde*. He

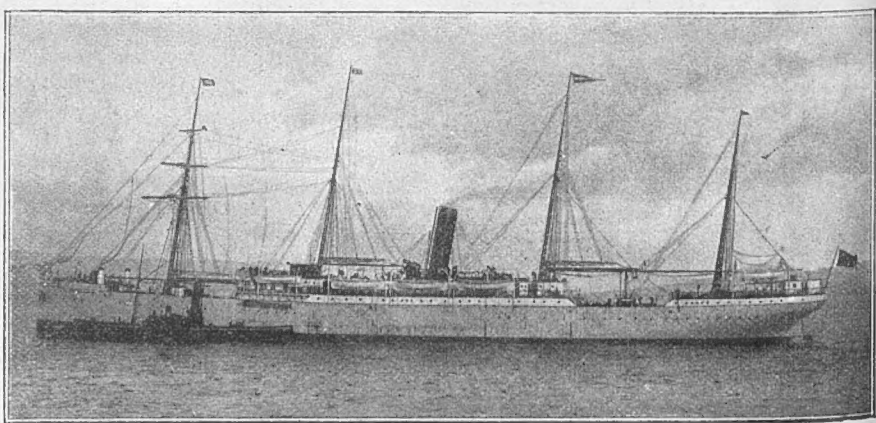
shows them an unfinished picture of Leda, and tells them the story of Titian, who, when he was desperate for lack of a suitable model, was befriended by the beautiful Duchess of Ferrara, to whose noble sacrifice for the sake of art he owed the completion of a masterpiece. In the second act the Swedish countess, in M. Huguenet's studio, sees the unfinished Leda, and listens to this anecdote, which affects her so much that she offers, for the sake of art, to pose as the model. She withdraws to make the necessary changes in her toilette, leaving M. Huguenet flattered but a little surprised by the prompt success of his eloquence. He is called away by some business relating to an impending duel, and in his absence is the victim of a misfortune. The students have arranged a masquerade, in which they disguise themselves as eminent painters of the day, and the young professor has so readjusted his exterior that he is an exact duplicate of M. Huguenet. It is he who, chancing to visit the studio, receives the countess when she returns, quite unwitting of the change in the identity of her companion. She crosses the stage in an ecstasy, wearing a light and diaphanous garment for the sake of art, and takes her place on the model's platform. Then comes the most singular rebuff to the curiosity of an audience I have ever witnessed. The platform is so placed in a corner, with a large easel in front, that it is invisible to every part of the house, and when the light and diaphanous garment rolls down the steps for the sake of art, and the theatre rises like one man, nothing whatever of the lady can be seen! Instead of proceeding with the picture, the professor falls on his knees with adoring protestations, and the lady, snatching up her garment, indignantly demands what has become of art? Then the lover remembers that M. Huguenet, in the days when he had a voice, used to sing a certain captivating little song, on an occasion of this kind, and, as the professor is the baritone of the company, he sings this little song so successfully that the lady melts, and the curtain, for the sake of art, thinks it is high time to come down. This comedy entails a disagreeable enlightenment for M. Huguenet in the next act, for he cannot understand why the countess is so anxious to have him sing; and when he yields to her importunity, and distinguishes himself like a crow, he has the mortification to hear his young rival take up the song and to see that his counterfeit has won the lady's affections. I felt for him deeply; but, bless me! what would Sir Frederick Leighton have said?

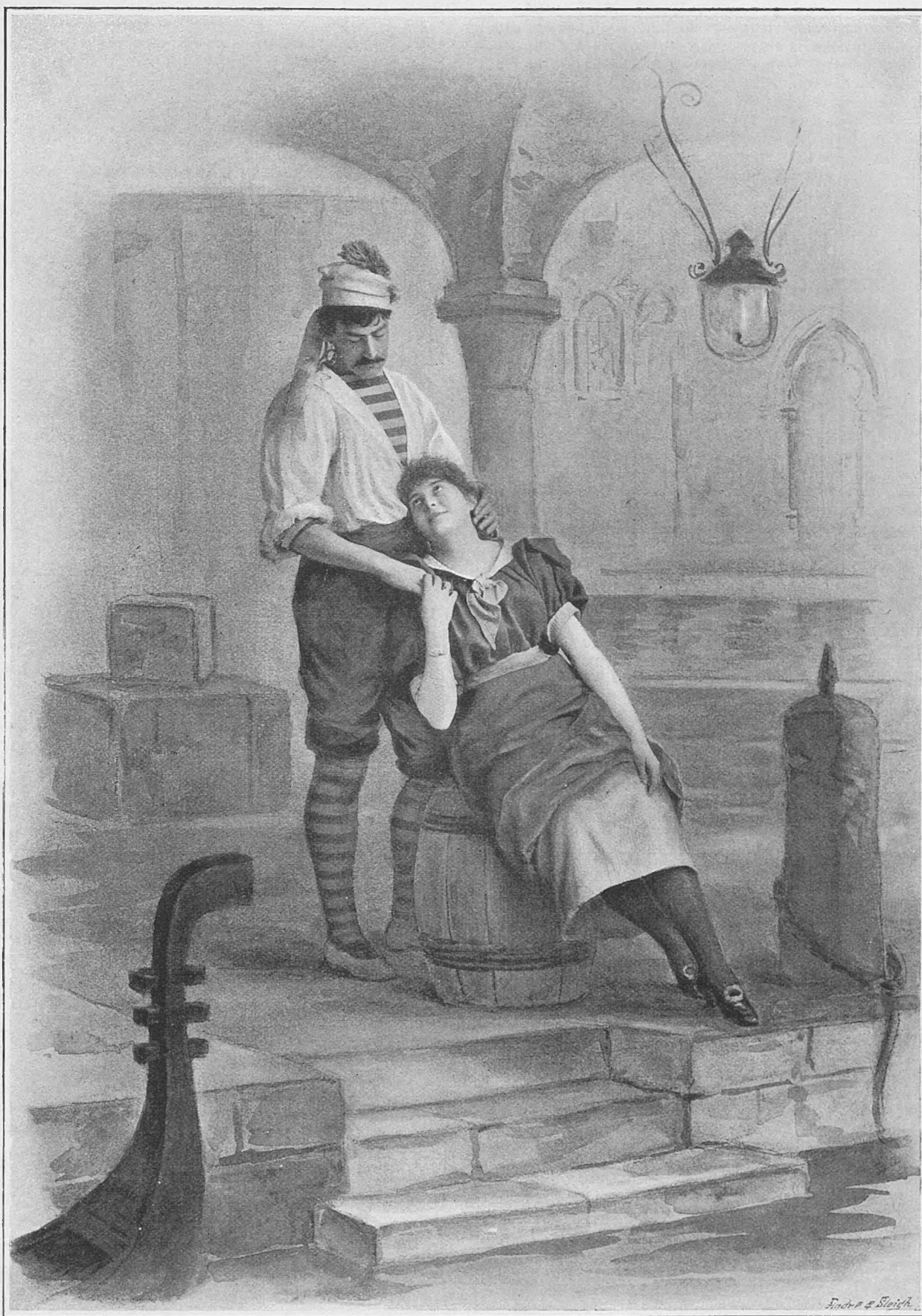
As for the masked ball at the Opéra, it is not excessive patriotism which inclines me to the belief that, in some respects, Sir Augustus Harris manages this sort of thing better at Covent Garden. At the London ball, you certainly see prettier, more ingenious, and more varied costumes. The dresses at the Opéra are the riff-raff of the costumier's wardrobe. To erect a bridge across the theatre, and push a barge on wheels into the centre of the floor, and call this the "Carnival of Venice," is to exhibit a lamentable poverty of resource. But the Battle of Flowers was amusing, and I do not know why Sir Augustus should not imitate this part of the entertainment. It would interfere with the dancing, no doubt, though in Paris this interference is a public duty, for anything more grotesquely barbarous than the dancing of the French has never been revealed to my shuddering gaze.

L. F. AUSTIN.

THE ARUNDEL CASTLE.

The new Currie liner, the Arundel Castle, although not exceptional in point of size (she is about 4500 tons measurement), is peculiarly interesting from a point of view which suggests enormous development in ocean-travel, embodying the principle of relation to classes that the Midland Railway Company inaugurated on the railway. She is an intermediate steamer. Economy in the cost of driving her enables her owners to offer particularly snug quarters to passengers, at lower rates than the mail-boats. But her great feature is that she offers exceptional accommodation to third-class passengers (she carries only first and third). For a ten-pound note a man can go to South Africa, with accommodation equal to what he gets on many of the old sailing-boats as first. A married couple, with children, can have a cabin to themselves, of the size and fittings equal to what would lately have been considered good enough for first-class; they are in the stern of the ship, have wholesome food, and, as well as the run of the lower deck (technically this is the "upper deck"), they have the whole of the large poop on which to air themselves. Mr. Scott, of Messrs. Donald Currie and Co., designed, and the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company built her.





THE GONDOLIER'S WOOING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

THE TRUTH ABOUT "THE YELLOW BOOK."

Why break a butterfly upon a wheel? That is what those reviewers have been doing who have exhausted their vocabularies in frantic abuse of Mr. Lane's quarterly. It was a new departure, and, therefore, was inevitably met with question; its yellow covers seemed to infuriate the multitude, and the fact that they bore the eccentric designs of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley was sufficient to bring upon it bitter reproaches of affectation, morbidity, or even indecorum. Why? Mr. Beardsley's drawings are purely decorative, and to complain that his figures do not resemble real men and women is as absurd as to censure Mr. Morris because the fruit and flowers on his charming wall-papers are not exactly like real fruit and flowers, or to say that his dados are morbid and indecorous.

The fourth number of *The Yellow Book* is the most interesting that has appeared as yet: its literary standard is higher; it contains more surprises than its predecessors. First, "The Bohemian Girl," by Mr. Harland, sparkles like a clear, white diamond, carefully cut, yet simply set: it is a fascinating study of the Paris unseen by the tourist.

"1880," by Mr. Max Beerbohm, is deliciously adroit and witty, as is all that we have seen from the pen of that remarkable young writer. The essay seems to show how soon we become obsolete nowadays. Mr. Beerbohm gets his perspectives astonishingly quickly, placing, for example, the craze æstheticism almost among antiquities. "Men and women," says Mr. Beerbohm, "fired by the fervid words of the young Oscar, threw their mahogany into the street." Mr. Beerbohm's fine instinct for style is refreshing in these days of the paramount journalist; he plays with language as one plays only with what one knows intimately and loves.

In fact, this last volume of the *Queer Quarterly* contains an unusual amount of work distinctly above the average magazine level.

In its art department we have the delightful drawing of "The Hôtel Royal, Dieppe," by Mr. Walter Sickert, as well as his admirable portraits of Mr. George Moore and Mr. Richard Le Gallienne.

Mr. Beardsley, as usual, is original in invention, and I have studied his decorations in vain for a trace of affectation, morbidity, or indecorousness. To the many they are, doubtless, inexplicable; but to the modern votaries of the higher philosophy of æsthetics they remain a joy for ever.

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MAKING TRACKS.



OFF TO SCHOOL.



HOMEWARD BOUND AT SUNSET.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST."

Mr. John Worthing, of the Manor House, Woolton, Shropshire, in order to explain to his pretty ward, Cecily, with whom he was not in love, his frequent visits to town, imagined the existence of a younger brother, whom he called Ernest, and pretended that he went to see him. When in London he, for no discoverable reason, called himself Ernest. These visits were not culpable in character, for he was courting honestly the Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax. Now, the two girls had what one may call Shandian views about names. By the way, did not Lytton, in "The Caxtons," use Sterne's idea to some extent? Lytton's name naturally comes into mind when one thinks of Mr. Oscar Wilde, for in one aspect the brilliant author of "Pelham" suggests the modern apostle of culture—fortunately, other aspects of Lytton excuse his weaknesses.

Gwendolen fell in love with John because she believed that his name was Ernest. Cecily became enamoured of the mere name of Ernest and the description of him given by John—in which she reminds one of a case cited by Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy"—and, being a girl whose studies in French seem to have extended to Marivaux, she actually went so far as to engage herself to this mere fiction. As soon as John, posing as Ernest, proposed to Gwendolen, he was accepted, but he was rather embarrassed to hear her say that his name, Ernest, vibrated in her soul. However, when he spoke to Lady Bracknell—her mother—difficulties arose, for he happened to be a foundling, and Lady Bracknell could not accept as son-in-law a nameless babe, found in a bag at a station. Gwendolen promised to be true despite Mamma's opposition.

Now it chanced that Gwendolen's cousin, Algernon Moncrieffe, was bosom friend of Worthing. Algy for a long time believed that his friend was Ernest, and did not know his country address. By accident the truth came out, and Worthing, in giving an explanation, injudiciously dwelt upon the charms of Cecily, so, of course, Algy fell in love with the description. For Mr. Wilde works upon the economical plan of using almost all his comic ideas twice. Consequently, Algy went down to the Manor House and gained admittance by pretending that he was Ernest, the imaginary brother. In ten minutes he had proposed to Cecily, and been accepted by her. He, like John, was much embarrassed to find how great was the importance attached by his sweetheart to the name Ernest.

John had decided to put an end to the imaginary existence of Ernest, so he bought himself a suit of mourning of the deepest dye, and came down to Shropshire with the sad sham news of his brother's death, on the day that Algy was paying his surreptitious visit. Of course, he was startled to find Algy in such a guise, but, for his own sake, was compelled to abstain from "giving him away." Gwendolen followed her sweetheart to the Manor House, and, to her surprise, discovered that he had such a pretty ward as Cecily. The two girls, who are as unlike nature and like one another as is conceivable, promptly became great friends.

Such a friendship could hardly last, seeing that each believed herself to be engaged to Ernest Worthing. Soon they began to speak of their love-affairs; then arose a misunderstanding, which naturally begat a quarrel. Peace was restored by the appearance of John and Algy, for the girls discovered the fraud as to the name that had been practised upon them, and therefore joined forces in an attack upon the impostors. So the men were left alone, and buried their grief in an orgie of crumpets and tea-cakes.

Of course, as the play is a farce—"trivial comedy" is the official description, but only one-half of it is correct—a happy ending had to be contrived. So the author, with daring simplicity, took advantage of the fact that John was a foundling. By the aid of Lady Bracknell and Miss Prism, the governess of Cecily, it was discovered that his father actually was the husband of Lady Bracknell's sister. This removed the difficulty of the question of birth, and only Gwendolen's attachment to the name Ernest remained as an impediment. It was suggested that his father's name might have been Ernest, and that the son should have been christened after him. Lady Bracknell could not recollect the name of her brother-in-law, but, by aid of the Army List, the question was settled affirmatively. Algernon was pardoned because his imposture was due solely to his desire to see Cecily.

No doubt, the tale sounds even more than "trivial." Certainly it cannot be pretended that in such matters as construction, invention—or adaptation—of subject, contrivance of comic business, or delineation of character, Mr. Wilde has shown much ability. However, the liveliness of the dialogue saved the piece—even rendered it very successful. I do not believe that the writing is so clever that it would have secured success but for the prestige of the theatre and name of the author, yet cannot deny that it contains many smart speeches. One can have too much of such sayings as "Divorces are made in heaven"—"to have lost one parent is a misfortune, to have lost both looks like carelessness"—or "I am only serious about my amusements." On the other hand, there are many clever jests in the play, and if the average were raised by judicious elimination of the numerous failures, everybody would be heartily amused by "The Importance of being Earnest."

One would rather have Mr. George Alexander doing work of greater value than playing a Charles Hawtrey part, yet must admit that it is pleasant to see how cleverly he did it. In the quickness and alertness of his really comic acting he gave a valuable lesson to the others, who, with the exception of Miss Rose Leclercq—she was an ideal Lady Bracknell—played rather heavily. It would be unfair to suggest that the acting of Miss Evelyn Millard, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and Mr. Allan Aynesworth is not sound and clever, but at present their style is not sufficiently crisp and light.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Mr. Ralph R. Lumley's title, "The Thoroughbred," does not, in one respect, aptly describe the play produced last week at Toole's Theatre, for it is rather a half-breed than thoroughbred. It seems the result of union of the race-horse—if so I may call comedy—with the cart-horse, farce. Unfortunately, the outcome of the cross is not that compromised creature farcical comedy, but a piece some parts of which take after one parent, and the rest after the other. Whether such a work will prove a "stayer" it is difficult to say, though, to judge from its reception, success is certain.

The comedy parts are very pleasant. The author has put on the stage an amusing character, of some novelty. Mr. A. V. Dekker, the young American millionaire, is quite charming in his humours. Anxious to win the heart of an English girl, and fearing that his nationality may be an impediment, he makes desperate efforts to Anglicise himself. His endeavours lead to results as comic as that of the Guernsey family which has patriotically changed its name from "de Gosselin" into "Gosling." No one can help laughter when, with an accent so strong that one could make a star-spangled banner out of it, he congratulates himself that he is quite a Britisher. His theory that his family had merely paid a two-hundred-years' visit to America, that he was born during the visit, but, of course, remained quite English, is really a neat stroke. Fortunately, the part was very cleverly played by Mr. C. M. Lowne; fortunately, too, as the girl, Miss Henrietta Watson was charming. This young actress, who acted capably in "The Royal Divorce" in the part originally taken, I believe, by Miss Georgie Esmond, has such ability that it will be a pity if London loses her again.

The parts of the play relating to the thoroughbred racer, Roast Chicken, are curiously uneven. The first act is ingeniously constructed. The skill with which the author leads up to the unintentional ownership—by Mr. John Rimple, Mayor of Upcomb, and husband of a hen-pecking wife, who is a member of the Anti-Gambling League—of the racer, Roast Chicken, with all its engagements, deserves very sincere praise; but no great ability is shown by Mr. Lumley in taking advantage of poor Rimple's situation. In fact, the rest of the farcical work is decidedly unconscientious. Comic business is contrived without regard to the logic of farce, and the "curtain" of the second act is quite a curious instance of disconnected clowning.

The fairest thing that the critic can do is to strike an average. This will bring him to the conclusion that in the piece which contains such neat lines as "That's unfiltered truth from the well," and "A serious matrimonial engagement is a kind of Bank Holiday passion," there is enough food for laughter to render it pleasantly palatable as a whole. It is almost needless to say that Mr. Toole, who, as John Rimple, played in the broad style that has earned him immense popularity, delighted his admirers. Some praise may be given to Miss Florence Fordyce, who acted prettily as his daughter, and to Mr. FitzRoy Morgan, whose performance as her lover was decidedly clever.

I should hardly like to say how many of Mr. Corney Grain's musical sketches I have heard; yet I never miss a new one, nor ever regret that I came to hear it. The latest, "Music à la Mode," seems to me one of the best of the prodigious series. Mr. Grain, perhaps, is more amusing when he is critical than in his constructive pieces. Naturally, then, in his comic history of the drawing-room music of the dying century he has full scope for his unequalled powers. No doubt, if Aunt Emily were to play to us now her "air with variations," with what may be called a "Berlin wool" technique, we should find it rather painful than humorous, but one cannot resist Mr. Grain's imitation of it. The modern love ballad is chaffed as pitilessly by him as the old ones from the "Universal Songster," and, no doubt, some day even Suburbania will laugh at the tawdry storm and passion of those erotic songs now in vogue whose "verses" put into simple English would cause even a police-magistrate to blush.

There was an antique drinking-song that Mr. Grain gave with great humour—one in which rollicking gaiety about a minimum dose of whisky was wedded to a melancholy melody that might be deemed suitable by a total abstainer. By-the-bye, I wonder whether he has ever considered the wonderfully cryptic line in the once, perhaps still, popular song "The Vagabond"—I mean the "Fate I defy, the morrow ne'er recall": it is well worth consideration. There were two really comic travesties of the Plantation songs which, since the success of "Honey, my Honey," have become an intolerable nuisance. Perhaps the unaccompanied after-supper song was a little too boisterous in fun, too much like the execrable original. As it stands, with Mr. Malcolm Watson's clever burlesque "Melodramania," and the clever new sketch "Music à la Mode," the popular German Reed's entertainment is stronger even than usual.

The Alhambra last week proceeded to defy the weather by adding several fresh items to a programme already most attractive. Foremost among the novelties are an extremely well-executed series of "Living Pictures," representing the story of Faust and Margaret. The first of these shows Margaret in the garden trying on the jewels. Then the lovers are seen together at Margaret's window, and the story is briefly concluded by the scene of the hapless girl's agony beneath the taunts of Mephistopheles in the cathedral, and her final ascent to heaven, whither she is wafted by white-robed angels. The pictures are accompanied by appropriate selections from Gounod's music. Other "Living Pictures," and many popular variety turns, together with the gorgeous ballet, "Ali Baba," make up a most effective programme. MONOCLE.

SOME FAMOUS FROSTS.

FROSTIANA:
OR
A HISTORY OF
THE RIVER THAMES
In a Frozen State:
WITH AN ACCOUNT OF
THE LATE SEVERE FROST;
AND THE WONDERFUL EFFECTS
OF
Frost, Snow, Ice, and Cold.
IN ENGLAND,
AND IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WORLD;
INTERSPERSED
WITH VARIOUS AMUSING ANECDOTES.
TO WHICH IS ADDED,
THE ART OF SKATING.

*A dreadful winter came; each day severe,
Misty when mild, and icy-cold when clear.*

CRABBE.

London:

Printed and published on the ICE on the River Thames,
February 5th, 1814, by G. DAVIS.

Sold also by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster Row.

The good old days have returned in all the rigour of an Arctic winter. So seldom do we experience the bitterness of winter, as it was understood of old, that we might be apt to suppose that the weather, like many other things in a decadent age, has become too emasculate to assume the savage shape which it presented in bygone times. And nowadays, it is true, Europe seldom sees the wild wintriness which has been experienced in the past. There have been various historic frosts the severity of which make them stand out as red-letter dates in the calendar. In 401 the Euxine Sea was frozen over for twenty days. Three hundred years later, the Sea of Marmora was frozen over a hundred miles from the shore, and in 1294 the Cattagat was entirely frozen. In 1460 horse-passengers crossed from Denmark to Sweden on the frozen Baltic, while in 1658 Charles X. of Sweden crossed the Little Belt, over the ice, from Holstein to Denmark with his whole army. In England an historic frost was that of 1205, which lasted from Jan. 14, St. Hilary's Day, which it has become customary to regard as the coldest day in the year, until March 22. The effect on agriculture was disastrous, so that in the following summer wheat rose from twelpence per quarter to a silver mark. In 1506, 1536, 1564 (when football was played on the river), 1607-8, 1620, 1683-84, 1688-89, 1715-16, 1739-40, 1788-89, and 1813-14, fairs were held on the ice of the Thames, booths erected, oxen roasted, and the highway made the pleasure-ground of the City. Indeed, ancient chronicles tell of a solidified surface of the Thames for nine weeks in the winter of 250-251, for six weeks in 695, for a similar period in 923, and for nearly three months, ten years later. In the great frost of 1536, Henry VIII.

Frost Fair.

Amidst the Arts which on the THAMES appear,
To tell the wonders of this icy year,
PRINTING claims prior place, which at one view
Erects a monument of THAT and YOU.

Printed on the River THAMES, February 5,
in the 54th year of the reign of King
GEORGE the IIIrd. Anno Domini 1814.

CHARLES, KING.
JAMES DUKE.
KATHARINE, QUEEN.
MARY DUTCHESS.
ANN, PRINCESSE
GEORGE, PRINCE.
HANS IN KELDER.

London: Printed by G. Croom, on the ICE, on
the River of Thames, January 31. 1684.



The Devonport Mail, assisted by six fresh post-horses, crossing the Downs near Amesbury, leaving their own jaded cattle behind.

REPRODUCED FROM BOWDEN'S COACHING RECOLLECTIONS.

rode down to see the citizens disport themselves, and in 1564 Queen Elizabeth took daily walking-exercise on the Thames at Westminster.

The frost of 1684 lasted for seven weeks, and produced ice eighteen inches thick. The worthy Evelyn tells that the Thames was "planted with booths in formal streets, all sorts of trades and shops, furnished and full of commodities, even to a printing-press, where the people and ladies took



FAIR ON THE THAMES, FEBRUARY, 1684.

a fancy to have their names printed, and a day and a year set down when produced on the Thames. This humour took so universally that it was estimated that the printer gained five pounds a day, for printing a line only, at sixpence a name, besides what he got by ballads" and the like. The facsimile card reproduced shows that good work was produced by the enterprising ice Caxton. About forty coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple as in the streets, and the people made merry with bull-baiting, horse and coach races, and puppet-shows, so that it seemed to be a "bacchanalian triumph or carnival on the ice." Forest trees, even the oaks of old England, split by the frost, and most of the hollies were killed, while people died daily from the cold, and



FAIR ON THE THAMES, FEBRUARY, 1684.

fowls, fish, and birds and "exotic plants and greens" perished. The streets themselves were "so filled with the fuliginous steam of the sea-coal that hardly could anyone see across the streets; and this filling of the lungs with gross particles exceedingly obstructed the breath, so as one could scarcely breathe." In short, as Evelyn says, "it was a severe judgment on the land." In 1716-17 and in 1740 similar fairs were held on the ice.

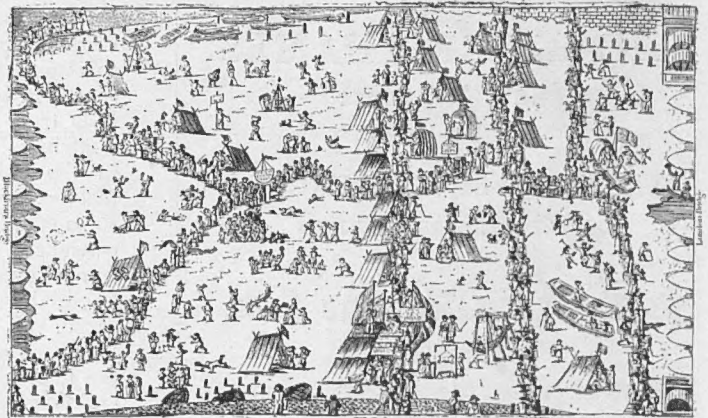
The year 1814 was hardly less memorable. The river was so firmly frozen that booths were erected, and a sheep was roasted in a tent on the Thames, and sold in shilling slices under the name of "Lapland Mutton." Several printers set up presses on the ice, the most notable print being



Photo by G. J. Tupp.

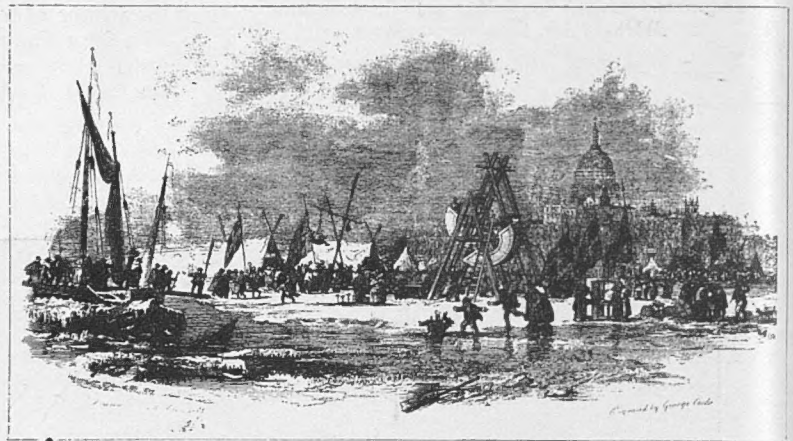
HORSE AND CART CROSSING THE THAMES AT KINGSTON, 1895.

the book "Frostiana," the title-page of which is here reproduced. The Frost Fair lasted for four days, and then came a thaw, when tents, merry-go-rounds, and printing-presses were to be seen floating on detached pieces of ice. This was the last occasion when a fair was held on the frozen river. In 1836 a wild snow-storm broke over the country, as the prints from Bowden's Sporting Recollections show. In 1855 fires were made on the Serpentine, and a traffic on the ice of thirty-five miles long



FAIR ON THE THAMES, FEBRUARY, 1814.

was established in Lincolnshire. In 1867 the snow was so heavy and the frost so severe for about a fortnight that, on some days, traffic in the Metropolis was impossible, and a two-horsed cab was worth a sovereign a mile. In 1878-79 a long-continued frost of great severity was followed by a snowstorm that cut Scotland off from all railway communication. And it is only four years since a coach-and-four was driven across the Serpentine by a sporting nobleman. Last Wednesday the ice on the Serpentine was so strong that the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards (600 strong) were able to drill on it. The Thames in its upper reaches



FAIR ON THE THAMES, FEBRUARY, 1814.

has been frozen over. One day last week at Kingston a horse and cart were driven across the river. The other photograph reproduced shows the river at Strand-on-the-Green, Chiswick, at high-water. In its lower reaches thousands of sea-gulls, driven inwards in search of food, have attracted great crowds of people. Many of them succumbed to the cold. Traffic on the Thames has been almost entirely suspended, very few tugs with barges being seen between Gravesend and London Bridge. The ice floes have become massed together along the banks and stretch for nearly a hundred yards into the stream.

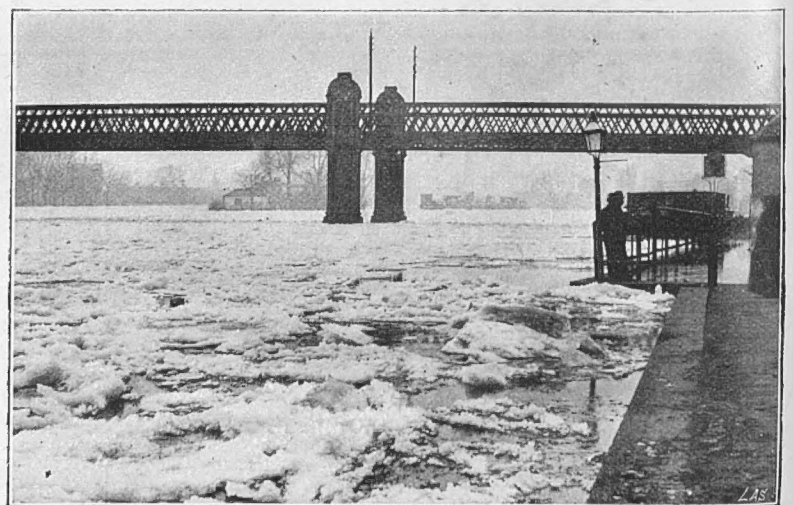


Photo by A. Elphick, jun.

THE THAMES AT CHISWICK, 1895.



The Liverpool Mail in a snow-drift. Two ladies left in their chariot without horses, the post-boy having gone to St. Albans in search of fresh ones.



The Louth Mail stopped by the snow; assistance in prospect, but not the time to hesitate: the letter-bags sent forward with the guard in a postchaise and four.

REPRODUCED FROM BOWDEN'S COACHING RECOLLECTIONS.

SMALL TALK.

A succession of distinguished visitors are to be received during the residence of the Court at Windsor, and the principal Ambassadors and Ministers—Russian, French, Austrian, German, and Italian—are to be invited, in turn, for the regulation “dine and sleep.” There are also considerable arrears of correspondence to be got through, so that her Majesty has a busy time of it before her. At Osborne and Balmoral the Queen always likes to get as much rest as she can, and the Private Secretaries only trouble her with such letters and State papers as it is absolutely necessary she should peruse. Consequently, with the arrival of the Court at Windsor, morning after morning has to be passed going through the collection of important documents which have, necessarily, accumulated in the interim.

The Queen will hold an investiture of the Bath, the St. Michael and St. George, and the Indian Orders during her residence at Windsor Castle. The ceremony will take place in the White Drawing-Room of the Castle, and the Empress Frederick and the other royalties at Windsor will be present.

The rule made by the Queen for limiting the number of presentations at the Drawing-Rooms is being stringently enforced by the Lord Chamberlain's office, and ladies having daughters to present will do well not to put off going to Court until the later functions, or they may find themselves in the unpleasant position of being excluded altogether. For several years there used to be hundreds of presentations at one Drawing-Room, and only a scanty attendance at the next. The object of the present rule is to equalise the number of presentations at each Drawing-Room. The Queen has recently been discussing with Lord Carrington the desirability of limiting the number of ladies attending these functions, as well as the number of presentations, and it is proposed to issue a notice from the Lord Chamberlain's office that ladies who appeared at Court last year are not expected to come again this season, unless they have relations to present. This rule would not, of course, apply to wives of Ministers, ex-Ministers, or other high official personages.

The Queen's own suite of rooms at the Grand Hôtel de Cimiez, which are on the first floor, will be almost entirely furnished from Windsor, and supplies of linen, glass, china, plate, and household stores are also to be sent out from England. The Bishop of Rochester, should his health allow, will go to Nice at the end of March, and is to stay there during the Queen's residence at the Hôtel de Cimiez, in order that he may officiate at the services which will be held on each Sunday for her Majesty and the royal party. A room in the Hôtel is to be fitted up as a temporary chapel.

The Queen's Balmoral and Abergeldie waters on the Dee, which extend for about twelve miles from Invercauld Bridge downwards, are to be fished during the spring season by Dr. Profect, her Majesty's “Commissioner” at Balmoral. Salmon are usually very scarce in the upper reaches of the Dee during the early part of the season, and this year there will be fewer fish than usual owing to the terribly severe weather.

However displeasing the intense cold is to the bulk of her Majesty's subjects, it is not so, I believe, to that august lady herself, nor indeed to any of the members of her family. The Queen takes her customary drives in the coldest weather, and the latest reports of her health are most excellent. As to the Empress Frederick, I was told that she did not appear to feel the cold at all when she came from Flushing the other day, and yet some of the officers on the royal yacht found the expedition a remarkably chilly one, notwithstanding that they were able to warm



WILLIS'S ROOMS IN 1820.

themselves by some skating while awaiting the arrival of the Empress at the old Dutch port. As to the Prince of Wales and his children, they appear to have been revelling in the cold on the lake in the Buckingham Palace grounds, and many have been the subjects whose loyalty has been so warm that they have dared the Arctic rigours of the outside of a 'bus in Grosvenor Place, just to catch, between the trees, a fleeting view of sections of royal personages gracefully wheeling on their skates. If only that lake would freeze in the warm weather, the 'bus companies would make a fortune between St. George's Hospital and Victoria Station. I forget how many times you have to go up and down before you can be sure you have seen the *whole* of a Prince or Princess, but I know a conductor told me it was a considerable number.

It has been stated, and duly denied, that the Emperor of Austria was to meet the Queen when she goes to Cimiez. The latest story is that he will be in Vienna when her Majesty is abroad. The Empress will be at Corfu in March. Francis Joseph met the Queen at Innsbruck when she was on a journey from Florence to Berlin, when the two monarchs were not well acquainted.

Mr. Frederick Willis, who died the other day, is the last of the Willises who gave their name to the famous Willis's Rooms. They were built in 1765 by a tavern-keeper named Almack. He is said to have been a sturdy Scot, named MacCaul, who came to London as a nobleman's valet. “Almack's” was the most fashionable place in town in the early years of the century. The accompanying print, by Robert and George Cruikshank, shows the rooms in 1820. It is quaintly titled “Highest Life in London—Tom and Jerry ‘Sporting a Toe’ among the Corinthians.”

Such visitors as may next summer “attend Divine service” at the somewhat uninteresting little church of Whippingham—visitors who often, I fear, go thither rather in the hope of seeing royalty at its prayers than of themselves praying—will find a parish priest of a very different type from that of the late kindly and courteous Canon who for so long officiated there. Canon Prothero's successor is the Rev. Clement Smith, a fine, big-boned Englishman, with a frank, straightforward face, an excellent example of “muscular Christianity.” Most of the work of the Rev. Clement Smith has been done in Hampshire, for, prior to his appointment to his former Isle of Wight living, he was, for a considerable time, near the picturesque old town of Romsey, with its stream, its Market Place, and its lovely Abbey. When he was a curate in a London suburb I remember his sermons used to be short and direct.



SOME OF THE KING OF AUSTRIA'S KEEPERS.

The annoying way in which dancing-girls arise, bewitch us, and disappear from mortal ken moves me to pen a paragraph of protestation. I was looking round my room a few nights ago at the photographs of divers dainty dancing-damsels, and came across one of Miss Phyllis Marlowe. I first saw her in "A Trip to Chicago," where she danced in John Sheridan's company. Then I saw her on tour in a provincial town. One night, when killing an hour at the Aquarium with a brother of the pen, she danced and disappeared. After that, I heard that she was studying with Nini Patte-en-l'Air, and shortly afterwards I recognised



Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

MISS PHYLLIS MARLOWE.

her in this eccentric lady's troupe at the Palace. She had not settled down, for one afternoon last summer, during a *matinée* at a well-known music-hall, an "extra turn" was announced, and the fair Phyllis appeared with another girl, and roused a slumbering house to a state of wild enthusiasm. She and her companion had mastered Nini's tricks, and the great B.P. wanted more than its money's worth. A while after, I was at Brighton, where, sure enough, she turned up smiling at the Alhambra. It was the first night of her appearance, and on the third she sprained her ankle and danced no more. Thus I lost sight of her.

By one of those strange coincidences that baffle our limited understanding, I met Miss Phyllis Marlowe on the afternoon following the night on which I had specially noticed her photo on my walls. I was at the Bungalow in Conduit Street, and she came in with a friend. I renewed our slight acquaintance, and told her of the meditation of the night before. Then I asked her what she was doing. She told me that the ankle-sprain at Brighton proved serious and had kept her from the stage. For the past few months, however, she has been much better, and able to study once again with John D'Auban, whose pupil she is. "And when are you returning to the stage?" I said, when tea was over and we rose to go. "I can't yet tell you," she replied; "but I have one or two offers and am anxious to see the footlights once again from the proper side of the house. Possibly I shall not start again in London." "You are surely not going into the provinces?" I asked. "Why are Englishmen so insular?" was her reply. "Surely audiences are to be found even outside London and the provinces?" "Paris or New York?" I said, seeing my error. "Paris, I think," said Miss Marlowe.

The weather, with its nasty ways and low records, has treated theatres very cruelly. A well-known manager told me that he estimated the cost of the frost to the houses in the West-End of London at four thousand pounds a night. A friend, who is much given to statistics, sent some of his office-boys to the pit and gallery entrances of certain first-class theatres. One house, whose management is presenting a successful play, had ten people in the pit and but four in the gallery on a night in the first week of the present month. Another house had a pit of seventeen and a gallery of five. In almost all the theatres there have been long, cheerless rows of empty seats. To my mind, the cruellest part of this is the depressing effect upon the actors and actresses. Nothing is more difficult than to arouse a dispirited, half-empty house. Then, again, in pantomime, burlesque, and ballet-land the winds of heaven, which are so fond of getting behind the scenes, have spread bronchitis and pneumonia broadcast. If our Licensing Committee of the L.C.C. would forbid managers to admit rude Boreas behind the scenes, they would earn the thanks of many a hard-worked chorus-girl.

During the frosty weather, the Crystal Palace lakes have attracted huge crowds. By night the sight has been one to remember, for all round the great Lower Basin have been fires, and the shadow-effects—so much despised by Aubrey the Beardsley—have been simply wonderful. I should require a couple of columns to tell of the outside-edging, postman's knocking, and other feats of skill; to speak of the Curling Club and its doings; to relate how certain men endeavoured to impress the ladies by extraordinary deeds, and, in the end, only impressed the ice. It is less painful to fall on natural ice than to fall on the ice of Niagara, for the former gives way a little, and the latter gives nothing but bruises. The last time I saw the skating at the Palace, I noted pretty girls innumerable, most of whom skated very well. They came down to the ice in thick jackets and gloves, and they sat down on chairs while men, with red ribbons round their hats, fastened on the skates, while I, in a far-off corner of my mind, complained bitterly that Providence never made me a skate-fastener. Then they would start off, and pass me later with a huge colour, enjoying themselves for all they were worth. Meanwhile I simply looked on, feeling very old indeed, for I cannot skate, and consequently regard the exercise with unsympathetic feelings.

Why should one rush to pond or lake,
Where ice is sometimes known to break,
And nervous friends at home all quake
Lest, haply, one is drowned?

Why swell the hustling, bustling throng
At the Round Pond or Water Long,
When icy flooring, smooth and strong,
At Westminster is found?

Music, and warmth, and pretty frocks,
Freedom from roughs' unfriendly knocks,
Are found where Fashion daily flocks
Within Niagara's walls.

Here, cosy, one may whirl and wheel,
On water science will congeal,
And safe from every danger feel—
Save from Niagara "falls."

This cutting from the issue of the *British Central Africa Gazette* just to hand is a curious evidence of the growth of civilisation—

A mare at Blantyre, belonging to H. M. Administration, has had a foal. This is the second born in British Central Africa; a mare of Mr. S. Steblecki's having had the honour of producing the first.

The versatile and nimble-fingered Mr. Robert Ganthony's clever sister, Miss Nellie Ganthony, has just made a great success in New York as a society entertainer. People over here have for some time admired her skill as a mimic and interpreter of humorous sketches, and Miss Ganthony's gifts in these directions are now being appreciated on "the other side."

The Electric Avenue is familiar to all Brixtonians, but very few have witnessed any attempt to photograph it by night. This Baron Corvo



ELECTRIC AVENUE, BRIXTON.

From a photograph by Baron Corvo.

has done, with what success the accompanying reduced reproduction of his photograph shows.

It is characteristic of an age of advertisement that poster-designing should have been raised to the position of an art. To Cheret is due the credit for having lifted it up, and English artists are following in his footsteps. Mr. Dudley Hardy and Mr. Aubrey Beardsley have each of them tried their hands successfully on posters, and soon the hoardings of the town will be covered with Mr. Julius Price's clever poster of "An Artist's Model." It has been lithographed in Paris. Some of "The Orient" posters, by the way, are produced in Milan.

Although Mrs. Bernard Beere is constantly seen about in the stalls at "first nights," she has rarely of late appeared on the Metropolitan boards. She is now thinking of going on tour in the provinces by-and-by, playing several of the dramas in which she gained her London reputation. Mrs. Bernard Beere would be wise to engage a company "good all round," and not rely chiefly on her own merits as a "star" actress.

Mr. H. A. Kennedy, who has been writing in the *Nineteenth Century* about the condition of the paintings of Pompeii, is, of course, no other than the author of the farcical comedies "The New Wing" and "The Wrong Girl," both produced by Mr. Willie Edouin, at the Strand, the latter quite recently and the former some years ago, with fair success. Mr. Kennedy is well known as an art critic, and is a great authority on ancient Greek art.

Mr. Malcolm Watson may be thankful for the following piece of information: A pair of American playwrights, Messrs. Charles Frew and James Vincent, have written, and purpose to produce shortly, a four-act melodrama, to which they have given the name of "The Pharisee." This, of course, was the title of Mr. Malcolm Watson's so far most ambitious piece of stage work, brought out a few years ago at the Shaftesbury Theatre by Miss Wallis.

It was pointed out by a contemporary the other day that Miss May Harvey, who plays the *ingenue* part in "A Leader of Men," had appeared with some success in what the said contemporary was pleased to call Browning's "The Blot on the Scutcheon." It is somewhat curious that two of the "Comedy" ladies have assumed the rôle of Mildred Tresham in the great poet's tragedy, "A Blot in the Scutcheon." It was Miss Alma Murray who played the part in such style before the poet at the Olympic Theatre that he asserted that the performance made up for his disappointment of nearly half a century before, when Macready produced the tragedy, with Phelps in the principal male part. Indeed, so moved was Browning on that occasion that he announced his intention to write yet another play for the actress who had so charmed him. Death, however, prevented the fulfilment of this idea. I wonder why, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, one sees the name of this particular work of Browning's misquoted? It is so, and theatrical critics of repute (some of whom are old enough to know better) are among the worst offenders. The contemporary referred to above is reputed to have a scholarly editor.

For a deadhead to enter a theatre with piratical intentions is too much for any *impressario* to stand. Manager Rice, who has been running in America a supremely successful burlesque called "1492," has determined, for the future, not to admit free any variety or farcical-comedy performers to the pieces produced under his management. He says that while "1492" was being played in New York, all the smartest songs and "gags," most taking "whizzes," and cleverest bits of "business" were stolen and introduced into other plays by professional people who were allowed to

pass in without charge in the usual way. Mr. Rice, in self-defence, means to put his foot down firmly. Managers in this country are also liable to suffer in the same manner.

Brighton finished its fashionable season with the Ladies' Invitation Ball, which, it goes without saying, was a function of superlatively social parts. Not a few ran down from town, for, among the five-and-thirty hostesses, or thereabouts, such well-known names as Lady Beaulere, Lady Pocock, Mrs. E. Sassoon, Mrs. Loftus Tottenham, and Baroness de Worms figured. About six hundred invitations were sent out, and close on four hundred guests showed up. The Royal Pavilion Rooms were all thrown open, and a more than usual liberality in bunting and greenery displayed. Without particularising to the extent of such inevitable excellencies as smooth floor and sweet music, I may at once acknowledge that the Ladies' Ball, on all counts, took the palm of our recent numerous festivities, not even excepting the Bachelors' Ball of some days before, which was more than ordinarily well done and enjoyed. East winds and the week-end tripper will have it all between them from now until

Easter, and Brighton, as far as *le Monde* is concerned, will be a "tomb by the sounding sea" until Lent is well over, the natural advantages of coast and climate not admitting of the *Mi-Carême* which so usefully galvanises a dead season into temporary liveliness abroad.

Cruelly Conservative Hibernia, which will ignore even the Liberal liberalities of Dublin Castle and flout the charms of a music-hall comet, even when translated into a Countess, has taught Lady Clancarty, *née* Miss Belle Bilton, to construe the verb "to cut" very sufficiently. That attractive member of the aristocracy intends, I hear, returning to the stage—or is it boards? Her *rentrée* is to be in a musical play, but at what playhouse is still untold, though, in Dublin, opinion is divided between the Lyceum and a Roman suburb in the Strand. Really the one only and indivisible profession is looking up. What with a couple of Countesses, a dawning Duchess, one own nephew to a Duke, not to speak of a considerable number of distinguished commoners, the stage promises to become quite a distillery of blue blood, and incidentally, of course, brains.

Mr. Leonard Borwick, who is fast adding to his laurels as a pianist, is altogether different in habits and manner to the usual run of professional musicians. He is a very modest and retiring young man—he is not thirty yet—and will not bind himself down to any engagement, as he is in the habit of taking a sudden dash Berlinwards in order to hear some music which specially appeals to his poetic soul, and so, as nothing will stop him when he has once decided to go, he will not sign any contracts or put a girdle round his movements in any way whatever. Of course, Mr. Borwick can afford to act thus, seeing that he is not dependent on music for a living—a pleasant state of affairs, which is due to the fact that his grandfather, of baking-powder fame, left a quarter of a million in real and personal estate. One of the Borwick girls, by the way, is engaged to Sir Charles Hallé's son.

Quite a plethora of puppies at the Royal Agricultural Hall last week. Mr. Cruft's eleventh show was a very big thing. Humanitarians will rejoice to hear that special prizes were given for terriers variously with uncropped ears. The Prince has set a good example in this respect, and the letter published by H.R.H.'s authority lately will, it is hoped, do much to check the cruel practice of mutilation. The show included nearly eighty Irish terriers and battalions of bulldogs in ferocious array.



The Lyceum pantomime, shortly about to close, will be remembered as another important step in the progress of pantomime towards that point when it will be freed from the vulgarities which have cumbered it for years. How much further will Mr. Barrett and Mr. Lennard go



Photo by Hana, Strand.

M. ÉDOUARD ESPINOSA AND MDLLE. JUDITH ESPINOSA IN THE "DREAMLAND BALLET" IN "SANTA CLAUS," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

next year? By the way, Mr. Barrett has just been installed as Worshipful Master of the Theatrical Freemasons, Drury Lane Lodge.

Mr. Barrett's pantomime at the Crystal Palace is already a thing of the past, and the second series of the ever-welcome Saturday Concerts is in progress. The directors of the Sydenham Glass-House have got together a grand programme for the next three months. While showing the usual respect for the time-honoured classics, they demonstrate their anxiety to give rising young men their first hearing. During the past ten years, in which I have been a fairly regular attendant at these concerts, many men have had a chance of showing their ability as composers, and not a few have availed themselves of it. The soloists for the rest of the season include Mesdames Norman-Neruda, Belle Cole, Ella Russell, Clara Samueller, and Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Arthur Black, Joseph Slivinski, Emil Sauer, and Dr. Joseph Joachim. Of course, Mr. August Manns is in his accustomed place. He possesses the quality of punctuality to no ordinary degree. You may safely set your watch by his appearance. He arrives on the stroke of three, and, ere the clocks have finished striking, a stroke of his bâton has set one of the finest orchestras the world contains in full melodious action.

One night last week I felt in want of a new impression. The year's pantomimes have, to my mind, been somewhat depressing; the West-End theatres and music-halls are very decorous: so I decided to go down East. Accordingly I secured a friend, and we went together to the Cambridge Music Hall in Bishopsgate. We were heartily welcomed by Mr. Page, and, after taking a look round the house, were taken into the stage-box. A very good entertainment was given, and its quality may be judged from the fact that Violet Cameron, Frank Travis, Gus Elen, and other shining lights contributed to it. I must confess that I never heard such rubbish as Mr. Elen's lugubrious ditty about Heaven and deceased coster ladies. The pathos may be judged from these lines of the chorus—

As far as 'Eaven and me's concerned
I don't put on no side,
But if muvver ain't a-goin' in,
Why this bloke stops artside.

It is to be hoped for the comfort of the inhabitants of what Mr. Elen calls 'Eaven that "muvver ain't a-goin' in." What price the Elysian Fields with a coster running round dropping tears, aspirates, and mock sentiment? It reminds me of Mephistopheles' remark about Martha in the Lyceum "Faust": "I wonder where this woman will go to when she dies. I won't have her."

Before I leave the Cambridge, I must mention a gruesome incident. The Brothers Horne appeared in their new boxing sketch, and there was a girl in the company who danced. She is the successor of Katie Seymour, who used to be in that troupe, unless I am much mistaken. Well, I was sitting in the stage-box, and the girl danced sufficiently well for me to forgive her for kicking up the dust. When her measure was tripped, I smiled her a large smile of approval. Judge of my horror when she almost sneered! Never before has a dancing-girl treated my enthusiasm with what the low comedian calls "spurnery." I was very much upset. If you smile inoffensively at a dancing-girl, and she is an artist, she will acknowledge your smile. You are paying a tribute to her power of charming, and, unless she wishes to charm, why does she dance? When a *danseuse* smiles to an audience I take it to be in token of great amity. Wherefore let me beg the young dancer of the Horne Brothers' combination to accept my tribute more graciously when next she has the pleasure of seeing me.

"Beautiful Bountiful Bertie" is engaged—professionally, of course, but, "as at present arranged," matrimonially as well. "Young G. G.," as George Grossmith junior goeth, has, in fact, successfully negotiated the affections of Miss Adelaide Astor (with whom he figured in "Go-Bang" at the Trafalgar Theatre), own sister to the vivacious Miss Letty Lind and the versatile Miss Millie Hylton. Did one dare drive alliteration to a triplet, I should say the volatile "Flopp," as Miss Astor's intimates rejoice in calling her, is no less actively charming than her greatly gifted sisters in the song-and-dance direction. It is not generally known that at one time young G. G. was destined for those supreme social heights on which the diplomat, like the poet's cherub, sits aloft. But the paroxysm for such pinnacles passed, and Mr. G. G. junior's happily acquired tastes and inherited talent pointed, among other coast-signals, to the sacred lamp on the West Strand—most successfully



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S. W.

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH JUNIOR AS THE LIEUTENANT IN "GO-BANG."

prophetic, as this clever young actor has proved. Miss Astor is rather dark, and very pretty. Her *fiancé* is "tall and taking," as an epigrammatic interviewer remarks. Such combined finalities surely leave nothing to be desired.

By the way, G. G. junior's uncle, lucky Mr. Weedon Grossmith, will celebrate the first anniversary of the birth of "The New Boy" to-morrow, when he will present everybody who goes to the Vaudeville with a souvenir of twelve pictures of the cast, and the author. It is all the more interesting from the fact that it is bound in a dainty cover, on which Mr. Grossmith has limned the pretty features of Miss May Palfrey. On the last page, Mr. Arthur Law pens an acrostic on the title of his capital farce.

MR. J. L. TOOLE IN SOME OF HIS RÔLES.

Photographs by Falk, Sydney.

AS CALEB PLUMMER IN "DOT."



AS SPRIGGINS IN "ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS."



AS REV. AMINADAB SLEEK IN "THE SERIOUS FAMILY,"



AS HARRY COKE IN "OFF THE LINE."

THE TOOLE OF TOOLE'S.

There is a certain noted humorist who nightly proclaims, in words put into his mouth by another noted humorist, his belief that

. . . the mine of jocularity
In present Anno Domini is worked completely out.

So much for the opinion of two experts; but humorists, like doctors, are privileged to differ, and there lives a third humorist, the most distinguished veteran of the corps, who affords a living disproof of the cynical sentiment just quoted, and who proves, in his own person, that the mine of jocularity is as rich as ever, if only it be worked with the proper tool. St. Martin's clock had just tolled seven as I entered the little picture-hung room at "Toole's" which is sacred to the master himself, the man whose every speech and action is full of sly surprises and quaint humour. For a moment I fancied myself alone, but a cordial greeting undeceived me, and, turning round, I found Mr. Toole resting on the sofa.

"You'll excuse me, I know," he said; "I've had a terribly long rehearsal—we put on a new piece the week after next—and I'm just snatching a little rest before to-night's performance. Now, what can I find new to tell you? This room's been done, I think; I fear the journalists have pumped me dry." But the next few moments were sufficient to give the contradiction polite to the mis-giving, for Mr. Toole's well-spring of waggery is perennial.

"See here," he said, tapping a drawing that hung just behind the sofa; "here's an early Phil May. It represents Irving, Bancroft, and myself—supposed to be after a banquet."

The speaker paused to let me examine the drawing, a truly remarkable counterfeit of post-prandial hilarity. In the midst was my host, supported by, or supporting (one cannot be sure which), his eminent colleagues, on whose countenances was written a divine and complacent dreaminess. Possibly Mr. Toole is really the chief "prop" of the company, for his face betrays a weight of anxiety more suited to sober tragedy than gay comedy. "But"—here Mr. Toole's voice broke in upon my contemplations, while his forefinger swept over the picture—"I needn't tell you we were *never* like that!" and he chuckled over his ingenuous avowal.

Then Mr. Toole's hand went darting over the wall behind him, as he pointed out his pictures, affectionately naming the portraits of old friends, some living, some departed. "That's Charles Mathews; yonder you have Paul Bedford and myself together; and see, there's Irving again, with his little dog. You've seen Irving's 'King Arthur'? Oh, it's a great success. You know I wanted to play Lancelot; I pleaded with Irving to let me play Lancelot. You know," said Mr. Toole, with sudden seriousness, "I once played Lancelot?" This was news indeed. Glancing up in surprise, I "caught the Speaker's eye," which was turned on me in merry enjoyment of my evident perplexity. "Yes," repeated Mr. Toole, "I played Lancelot—Lancelot Gobbo!" The murder was out, and then arose laughter inextinguishable.

Carried away by my entertainer's delightful flow of talk, I was content to listen without asking questions—which, indeed, were scarcely necessary. But herein I forgot my part—a professional omission which the great actor was quick to observe. So he turned prompter.

"It's usual," Mr. Toole suggested, "to ask me what's my favourite character? I think it's Caleb Plummer, in 'The Cricket on the Hearth.' Yonder you see Miss Johnstone and myself in the piece"—and Mr. Toole indicated a photograph showing him in the character where he proves himself as great a master of pathos as he is of mirth. "It's a very tender piece," he continued; "I never play it without being moved to tears. I think domestic pathos is so much more difficult than tragedy proper. Yes, Caleb's my favourite; but the public seem to like Paul Pry. It's wonderful how that piece has held the people—nearly eighty years now. Oh! there's a fine humour in it—a fine sustained humour—and a repose about it that I like. The character of Paul is so well kept up throughout; even just at the last, when Colonel Hardy asks him to dinner—'What do you have for dinner?' says Paul."

"The scene at the inn, too," I suggested, "is equally enjoyable for endless surprises. One fancies that, when Paul has looked inside the stranger's hat in quest of a name, he has done his utmost; but no, he proceeds gingerly to pull out the lining!"

Mr. Toole smiled quietly. "Ah," he remarked, "I fear that's not altogether in the original. I added most of the newspaper scene myself.

"Oh, yes," Mr. Toole continued, "'Paul Pry' would play with any setting. I never used to take anything with me on tour; but with 'Walker, London,' it's different. I must have the house-boat. When Irving came to see 'Walker,' and saw that the house-boat must travel, he said to me, 'This brings you quite down to our level.' You know Irving takes a lot of things about with him. Ah, how 'Walker, London,' has lived! Here's the third year now, and still the people want 'Walker.' There's such a freshness about Barrie; that's what makes his pieces go. We withdrew 'Walker' only to make room for a new piece. Some people booked for this week, expecting 'Walker' was still on, and had to get their money back."

"But your advertisement said you'd promised the house-boat to your many friends for picnic-parties up the river this beautiful weather!"

"Yes, yes, to be sure!" Mr. Toole laughed back; "just for a joke, you know. Picnic-parties this beautiful weather! Such beautiful weather! It won't let me get rid of this cold." Here my host coughed dismally. "I don't often suffer, and really I've no time to be ill. Oh, the troubles of an actor-manager! What

with people who want to go on the stage, and people who think they can write plays, dear, dear!"—and Mr. Toole made a gesture of comical despair. "Never mother loved her child as these authors love their plays! And yet these people," continued the ever-charitable Mr. Toole, "are otherwise perfectly sensible!"

"You'd like something of my tour to the Antipodes? Look at that photo under the gas to the left, 'Toole taking his bath among the Maoris.'" Up to his chest in the hot springs stood Mr. Toole, surrounded by a score of Maoris in a similar situation. "Yes," laughed this man of many wiles, this Ulysses Toole (who is likewise the man of many smiles), "I got it done for a chaff on my friends. Never was there at all; got the photographer to insert my portrait."

Alas! it was only too true. Mr. Toole had again scored one, or more. But compensation was to come in the shape of a good and true and moral Antipodal tale, as, indeed, all Mr. Toole's stories are.

"At Brisbane," said the comedian, "they gave me a complimentary banquet, where the Mayor, a worthy man, said all sorts of kind things about me. But he always called me Mr. Tooley—Mr. Tooley this and Mr. Tooley that—Prosperity to Mr. Tooley!—and so forth. At the close, I suggested that he'd mispronounced my name, which should properly be Toole. 'Oh!' he cried in dismay. 'I don't know what to do with you Englishmen. Last week we'd a Sir Charles Halle here. I got into a scrape for calling him Hal! They told me afterwards to pronounce it Hallé, and I determined to be right with you, so I called you Tooley.'"

"Now, what night can you come and see 'Podgers'?" said Mr. Toole. "How many seats? Will two be enough?"

"Yes, thank you very much! two'll do," I replied.

"Ah, that fits my name: Two'll do, Toole do," said my genial host. "Mr. Lee," he added, turning to his ever-courteous secretary, "two stalls, please, for Thursday. And be sure to come round between the acts," was the parting injunction I received from the kindest of men. "Perhaps you'll get something more out of me."

"Do you know 'Podgers'?" inquired Mr. Toole, on the Thursday night, as Paul Pry gradually vanished and the character of Tom Cranky grew up before me. "It's a story of a simple working-man thrown among literary people for whose enthusiasms he cares not a straw: he knows nothing but his dinner. Here," he said, "is the veritable old coat and waistcoat I wore on the first night of the piece thirty years ago. Charles Dickens himself was in the house. I knew Dickens well."

As Cranky's garb was assumed, so did Mr. Toole put on the character in a startlingly realistic fashion. We were interrupted by the call-boy. Fearing to detain Mr. Toole longer, I rose to take leave.

"Step a bit, it's all right," said my host; "they can't begin without the culprit here any more than at an execution."

So "the culprit" chatted for a few moments longer. Then our roads, or rather, our staircases, diverged. With a warm farewell and a gift of photographs, Mr. Toole went his way, whereupon, as Bunyan hath it, "I saw his face no more"—till half a minute later. We had quitted the dressing-room just in the nick of time. Ere I regained my seat "in front" Tom Cranky was on in his "immortal" part. J. D. S.



Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MR. J. L. TOOLE AS PAUL PRY.



MR. J. L. TOOLE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A FOOL I' THE FOREST.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON.

Miranda ran lightly through the green corn down upon the little wood below.

Here a shallow brook fretted over tiny falls, and curled in eddies round large, smooth pebbles. The morning sun struck aslant through the willows, and patches of blue sky beamed up from the depths of the shallow water. Miranda stepped upon the frail bridge and leaned over the hand-rail. The mirror below her was full of waving shadows and grey light. The stream trickled coolly in that secluded dell, and Miranda's face was flushed and hot with her haste. The breeze went softly through the tresses of her hair. Miranda glanced along the shelving banks to where a grassy knoll jutted forth upon a corner of the brook. She left the bridge, and walking to the spot, looked down upon the water. The dell was silent.

Her eyes flew swiftly this way and that in furtive diffidence, and then, fast as a flash, she slipped her shoes from under her feet, and flung her hosen down, and, dropping upon the knoll, dabbled her white feet in the current. The water washed about her ankles gently, and she watched the curves in her high arches dissolve and change and waver in the eddies. How translucent was the stream! How still and sweet the air! She bent forward and regarded her face in the deep pool. Suddenly, and with a little gasp of terror, she found the earth slipping from her. She threw herself back, and clutched wildly at the grass. She felt the water creeping above her ankles. A cry escaped her, and on the next instant two hands were clasped beneath her arms, and she was swiftly drawn into safety, and lay high upon the grass upon her back. Miranda sat up, and looking round met the bashful eyes of a youth. At once his gaze dropped, and he fumbled his hands together, shifting from foot to foot.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "but you——"

"Oh, you are very kind," said Miranda earnestly. "I thank you, Sir. Another moment and I had been lost."

"It is but shallow," he mumbled, smiling, and bit his nail.

Miranda laughed awkwardly. "Oh, but thank you, Sir," she said, "you are very good."

"'Twas but my duty," he stammered, and looked away, frowning at the trees; "anyone would have done more for you," he added, blushing.

Miranda's gaze went down her gown, and hastily she plucked her bare feet under her skirt. There fell a long silence, during which he fidgeted with the stalks of the bracken, and Miranda beat her fingers impatiently upon her knee.

"Heavens! will the man never speak or go?" thought Miranda. "The sun shines bright, and the birds sing sweet," says she; "we shall soon be in full spring."

"Very bright," said he, starting; "very sweet," he added, and "'twill rain by nightfall," he ventured, cocking his eye at the sky.

"Ah!" said Miranda, fanning herself with her hat.

Again a pause ensued. The young man shuffled on his feet; he whistled gently. Miranda yawned and drummed her fingers faster on her knee. She gave a little cough.

"I fear," he stuttered, "you will grow cold upon the moist slope. The sun has little power upon the dews within this shade. If I might beg——"

Approaching, he held out a vague hand. Miranda shut her mouth with a snap.

"I thank you," she said, with scorn, "but the dew delights me. I am never content save upon damp grass."

"I—I crave your pardon," he besought her. "I—I—fancied——"

"I hate a fool!" quoth Miranda to herself, in anger.

His eyes wandered to the stream. "Why, there are your shoes," says he, brightening, "and your hosen. Pray——"

He made a hasty movement forward.

"I beg you will be at no trouble for me," cried Miranda, flaming.

"Suffer me, at least, I pray you, the liberty to dispose of my own apparel. I am no child at nurse."

He drew back, red and frightened, and Miranda, breathless, curled her feet closer beneath her gown. He watched her face askance. She bit her lips.

"He is only a fool; but I hate a fool!" said she.

Miranda sighed. He glanced at her anxiously.

"And you think it will rain?" she asked.

"I'll swear it will," he cried eagerly, and waited, open-mouthed, upon her condescension.

"I wonder," said Miranda thoughtfully.

"But the sky is red," he panted.

"I have my doubts," said Miranda sagely, shaking her head. "The wood obscures the heaven. How is it possible to tell?"

"Indeed——" he began.

"Nay," she interrupted; "but from the corn-field yonder you could descry with certainty, and I should be reassured."

"I can see the corn-field through the trees," he answered, "and the sun shines red above the hedges."



She was swiftly drawn into safety.

Miranda shrugged her shoulders petulantly.

"What sound was that?" she said. "Surely some animal. I hate a cow!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Sir, pray run and see!"

"'Tis no cow," he replied stolidly. "I know the fields by heart, and there is never a cow within two miles."

"There is many a fool," said Miranda bitterly.

"Aye, to be sure," he assented gravely; "and many a sinner, moreover," he added thoughtfully.

"I think I prefer a sinner," said Miranda vehemently.

"The sinner for me too," he agreed cheerfully.

Miranda put out her tongue at the grass. Idly he broke the bark of a silver birch. Miranda uttered an exclamation of anger. He turned.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "I did not catch your words, but I do assure you that if there is aught I can do will——"

Miranda's temper burst its bonds. "Nothing in the world," she said, in sarcasm; "nothing in life for me, save only that you will leave me to enjoy my solitude."

He started, stammered half a sentence, took off his hat, mopped his face, and, tumbling over a creeper, set off. Miranda's heart pricked her pride. He looked forlorn, and he had done his best in honest stupidity.

"Stay!" she called impetuously. He tarried in wonder. "I meant no unkindness, Sir." He came stumbling back. "I have an intermittent trick of petulance." The light beamed into a broad grin upon his face.

Miranda shivered. He sat down squat upon the bracken. Miranda groaned.

"I wondered at your cruel words," he began slowly. "Somehow they fitted ill your face, which is"—he blushed—"the sweetest I have seen."

"Oh, you are rash," said Miranda scornfully; "I dare swear that one with so much knowledge as yourself has weltered among scores of pretty faces."

"Indeed——" he cried, but she broke in upon his protest.

"For myself, I lay no claim to beauty; let others flaunt their titles as they will. I am well enough, no doubt. I have the face of youth, and my eyes have no squint in them. But I am assured you have seen many pretty maidens."

"That is so," he cried eagerly, "and this the prettiest."

Miranda smiled. "You do your friends a harsh injustice," she answered. "I have my years to my credit, and no more, which is a virtue through which each must passage. And what, indeed, is beauty, if all be told?"

"Beauty—it is a pearl," he gasped, and suddenly swallowed his emotion with a gulp.

"I set no value upon pearls," said Miranda sedately. "Let others if they will. While the world swings on, folly will ring her bells, fools jape, and gossips chatter."

He watched her ardently, and sidling a step nearer, resumed his argument.

"You cannot tell," he said, "with how full a heart a man regards beauty. The tears start in his eyes at the sight, his breath catches, and his legs fall to trembling."

"Ah! is it so?" asked Miranda indifferently.

He rolled himself upon his stomach, and looked up into her face.

"It is with me," he said earnestly. His gaze embarrassed her. She turned her head away. "I have long wondered about this Love," he stammered, "and now I know."

Miranda looked round at him quickly.

"What is it like?" she asked, with some interest.

Abashed, he thrust his fingers through his hair. "I—I beg your pardon," he stammered; "but I have scarce the wherewithal to clothe my feelings. It makes me—'tis like a—oh, I feel—indeed, and I would do anything in your behalf," he concluded bravely.

Miranda stared at him a second, and then smiled softly. He sprawled so ungainly; he lay a huge hulk of ineptitudes; his large blue eyes were watered with affection.

"You are very good," she murmured.

"'Tis no goodness," he averred stoutly, "but out of the very bottom of indulgent selfishness. I would sacrifice worlds for you."

Miranda glanced at him slyly. "Would you drown?" she asked. He nodded.

"Would you surrender me for ever?"

He hesitated.

"Would you sell your soul for me?"

He knit his brows into a frown of puzzlement.

"Why," cried she, "you would never surely steal to see me smiling?"

"He shook his head thoughtfully. "No," he replied. "'Twould be a wrong you would not ask of me."

"And if I did?" she insisted.

He searched her face, and then, "I would hire someone else for the job," he declared, with a sigh.

Miranda lay back on the turf, and shook with laughter. Suddenly she sat up; in a flash the laughter ceased, and, red and white in turn, she tucked her bare feet beneath her gown again.

"I trust," said he anxiously, "that you have not hurt yourself."

"Oh, no," she replied coldly. "Pray continue. Your philosophy was most entertaining. You make a scruple of theft. I understand. But you could love me to distraction, Oh, yes. You will pull down the world for me, and you do it not by your own hand. You will meet lions, and you can find another to replace you. You will swear and forswear,

and break through the Decalogue, if you can do all these things by substitute. Yours is a wonderful sense of passion—so new, so strange, so masterful."

The young man nodded his head sagely. "'Tis marvellous what change Love will bring to a man, but," he added doubtfully, "I would not break through the Decalogue. I dare not have another's blood upon me. Oh, there are many things one dare not do, nor would you ask them. Why do I talk so wildly? I am content to love you, if you will suffer me."

He leaned forward, and took her hand awkwardly, looking the while into her face with bashful affection. She snatched her hand away, and laughed impatiently.

"Oh, you are too good, fair Sir!" she cried. "I am not worthy of your devout devotion. I—I have sins enough upon my head, God wot, but none so great as this unequal partnership would be. You are too virtuous for such as I. You are too composed of discreet renunciations. Renounce once more, and save your soul alive. Mine is the waywardness of the wild cat; I have the passions of the desperado. I break through a commandment daily. I am right to my hair in sins. Should I repent I should need an acre of sackcloth and gallons of ashes. But I do not; thank the Lord, I shall not. I am stark in my vices. I plan them with rebellious joys; I complete them with exultation. I am a fiend in a fair wig, a ghoul in a white gown. To love me is to love perdition."

He stared at her dumbly, and withdrew a pace.

"Indeed," said she, "you have every reason for your fears. I fear myself. O' nights I lie awake and think of devilments; they float through my dreams. I pinch myself in wonder if I be really human. There is no audacity I could not dare, no shame to cause me blink."

He shuffled a little further away.

"Come, come," she cried, "begone ere I break out upon you. I have the very deuce of a temper. For you and yours I see the happy valleys open; for me is the rude path among the mountains. Get you gone, then, Sir, to your happiness and the sweet maid that awaits you. Mine is the bitter, narrow road to Hell!"

She rose to her feet and pointed at him mockingly with her finger. The young man turned, and casting back one glance across his shoulder, scampered heavily through the undergrowth without a word, and disappeared into the wood.

Miranda stopped, breathless. "I believe he took me for the Devil," she said, and laughed. "But oh, the prickles!" she cried, drawing in her breath and grimacing. She flung herself down and rubbed her pretty feet.

Miranda reached for her hose. "'Twas difficult," she murmured; "'twas very difficult; but at last—at last!"



She pointed at him mockingly with her finger.

ARMY FOOTBALL TEAMS.

The 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards were defeated at Dublin by the 1st Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers by four goals to three; the Guards were without the services of Dr. Prior and Private Richards. Fiddkin started the ball for the Coldstreamers, and all but scored. The Fusiliers then had the best of matters for a time, and after Higgins had cleared several times, Walsh scored. The Coldstreamers made a couple of runs, but, through a want of combination among the forwards, failed to score; Rhodes put the ball up the field, and, from a rush, the Fusiliers added number two to their score, and, a few minutes later, Howarth centred and the ball was put through. The Coldstreamers were seen to better advantage during the second half; from a combined run, Mayhew passed to Craig, who passed the back and had the goal at his mercy, when Taylor was penalised for holding, and from the penalty Fiddkin scored. The Guards quickly put on number two, and, shortly after, Mr. Crichton equalised. One of the Coldstreamers put his knee out, and had to leave the field twenty minutes from time, and the Guards had to play ten men. The Fusiliers scored the winning goal about five minutes from time.

ARMY FOOTBALL TEAMS.

Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.

Sergeant Brooks. Private Collinson Private Durham Lance-Corporal Rhodes Private Brazil Lance-Corporal Taylor Private Sewell
(forward). (half-back). (full-back). (half-back). (goal-keeper). (full-back). (half-back).



Private Howarth Private Walsh Lance-Corporal Brooks Private Smalley Private Simmons
(forward). (forward). (forward). (forward). (forward).

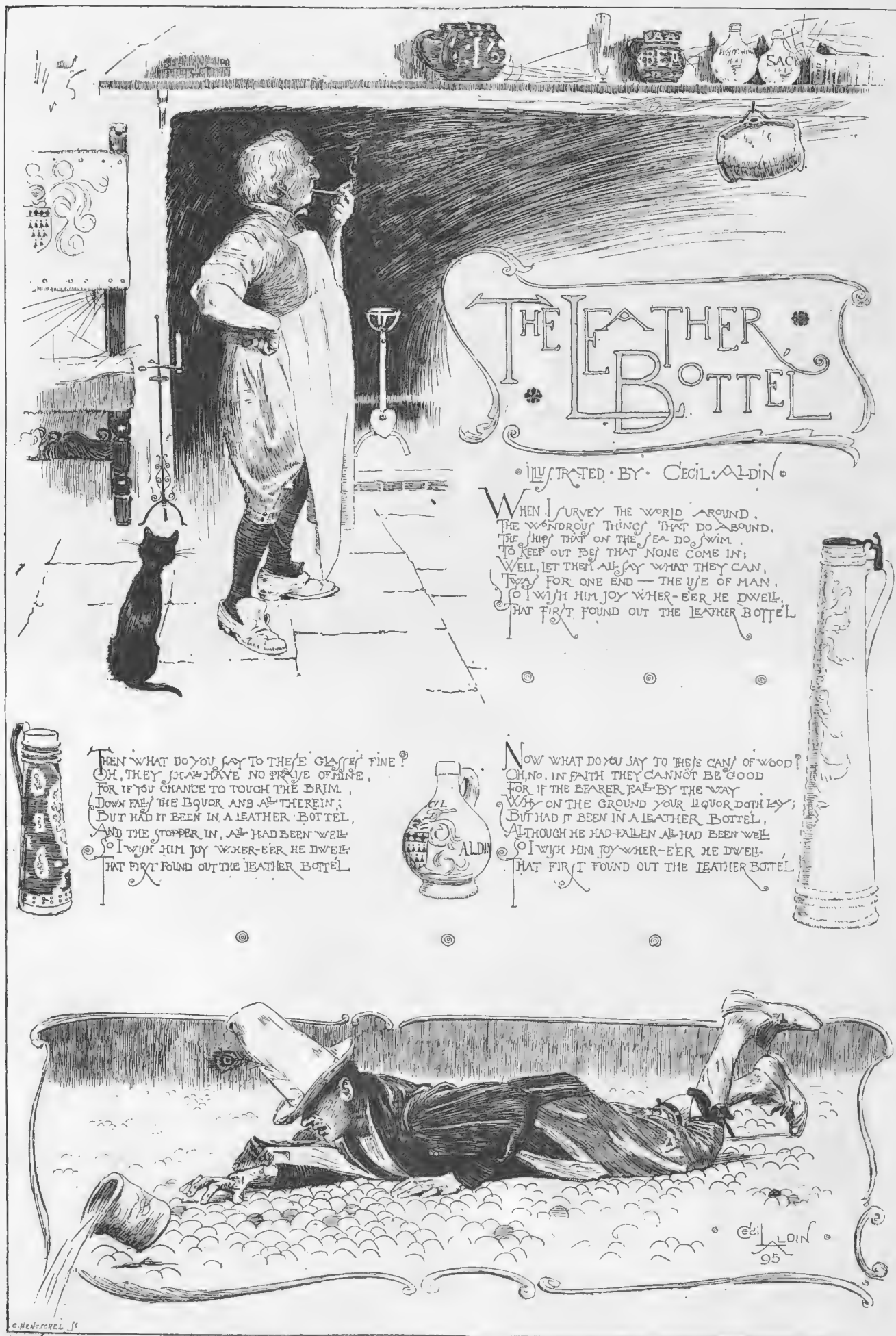
FIRST BATTALION LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS.

Lieut. Hon. G. Crichton Private Craig Private Jocelyn Private Mayhew Private Fidkin Private Higgins Corporal Clegg Drill-Sergeant Wright
(inside left). (inside right). (back). (left wing). (centre). (goal-keeper). (left back). (Hon. Sec.).



Drummer Child Corporal Borley Drummer Murdoch Private Loukes
(left half-back). (right wing forward). (right half-back). (centre half-back).

SECOND BATTALION COLDSTREAM GUARDS.





AT MORN THE HAYMAKERS
SIT THEN DOWN,
TO DRINK FROM THEIR BOTTLES
OF ALE NUT-BROWN,
IN SUMMER TOO WHEN THE
WEATHER IS WARM,
A GOOD FULL BOTTLE WILL
DO THEM NO HARM.
THEN THE LADS AND LASSES
BEGIN TO TATTLE,
BUT WHAT WOULD THEY BE
WITHOUT THIS BOTTLE?
SO I WISH HIM JOY WHERE-
EER HE DWELL,
THAT FIRST FOUND OUT
THE LEATHER BOTTLE

THEN WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THOSE BLACK-POTS THREE?
IF A MAN AND HIS WIFE SHOULD NOT AGREE,
WHY THEY TUG AND PUL TIL THEIR LIQUOR DOETH PUL;
IN A LEATHER BOTTLE THEY MAY TUG THEIR FIL,
AND PUL AWAY TIL THEIR HEARTS DO ACHE,
AND YET THEIR LIQUOR NO HARM CAN TAKE.
SO I WISH HIM JOY WHERE-
EER HE DWELL,
THAT FIRST FOUND OUT THE LEATHER BOTTLE

AND WHEN THE BOTTLE AT LAST GROWS OLD,
AND WILL GOOD LIQUOR NO LONGER HOLD,
OUT OF THE SIDES YOU MAY MAKE A CLOUT
TO MEND YOUR SHOES WHEN THEY'RE WORN OUT;
OR TAKE AND HANG IT UP ON A PIN
T'WILL SERVE TO PUT HINGES AND ODD THING IN
SO I WISH HIM JOY WHERE-
EER HE DWELL,
THAT FIRST FOUND OUT THE LEATHER BOTTLE

THE END



C. HENTSCHEL

THE DRURY LANE OF THE EAST.

The Directorate of the New Pavilion Theatre make no empty vaunt in describing their handsome playhouse in the Mile End Road as "the Drury Lane of the East." Hearing on all sides of the transformation that had taken place on the historic site of the Old Pavilion, I set forth on the unsentimental journey thither in quest of food for the student of theatrical history, past, present, and to come. I found a virtually new theatre, which, for spacious accommodation and luxurious equipment, can afford to challenge comparison with any of our leading West-End playhouses. I was conducted over the house by Mr. Percy Cohen, Mr. Isaac Cohen's son and courteous assistant-manager, who pointed out to me, with well-justified enthusiasm, the many improvements in the new structure. Fresh ground, adjacent to the old theatre, has been acquired for the building of commodious passages, saloons, and dressing-rooms, with the result that no theatre in London can boast more spacious corridors or means of entrance and exit. Indeed, a panic is inconceivable in a building entered by passages which are veritable streets in point of space. Large refreshment-rooms are attached to each part of the theatre, and a special feature is made of a "temperance bar" in each saloon. There is also a saloon reserved for ladies and children. On



MR. ISAAC COHEN.

entering the auditorium, lit by incandescence light, one is struck by the artistic magnificence of the decoration and fittings, of which the scheme of colour is blue and terra-cotta; even the seats in the vast sixpenny pit are cushioned.

The innovations behind the scenes are no less marked. Large and convenient dressing-rooms have been built, together with several fine rooms for the accommodation of ballet and chorus, and the resources of the stage itself will now permit of the most elaborate and extensive scenic effects.

Having explored the many points of interest in this new Temple of the Drama, I was conducted back to the manager's sitting-room, where I settled down to a chat with Mr. Isaac Cohen over a good cigar. I began by expressing my admiration for the enterprise which can rival the best West-End houses in comfort, when the highest price for admission—except to the private boxes—is only half-a-crown.

"Well," said Mr. Cohen, "in these days of cheap conveyance we have really to compete with the West-End houses, or our playgoers venture further afield. For a long period East-End playgoing was entirely local. At an earlier date, of course, the town flocked eastward to see the unauthorised performances of the legitimate drama given in rivalry of the great patent theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden; but, after the abolition of the patent privileges, the East-End theatres came to depend more entirely on local support."

"I believe you are the oldest of present-day London managers in experience?"

"Yes," Mr. Cohen answered; "I may say I have catered for playgoers now for some forty-three years, for I have produced forty-three consecutive pantomimes, during the last thirty-three years at the

East End, and previously on the Surrey side. I graduated in South London, at the Victoria, at the Surrey under Mr. and Mrs. Honner, and at Astley's. My earliest salary was the magnificent one of three shillings a-week, for the discharge of very mixed duties, including the writing out of parts. I subsequently rose to the proud position of call-boy and assistant stage-manager at fifteen shillings a week. In 1862 I undertook the management of the East London. Thence, in 1872, Mr. Morris Abrahams and I migrated together to the Pavilion, the old theatre, which would hardly be recognised in its new form by the many distinguished players who have adorned its stage in the past."

"And what are some of your experiences of East-End theatrical tastes?"

"Well, drama of strong human interest has always been the most popular fare, varied by an annual pantomime. First, there was the period of the legitimate and romantic drama; then for a time the more domestic play, with its persecuted heroine, carried all before it; then the more sensational melodrama of modern times became the most permanent of attractions. I regard the present taste as a very good sign of the times. A fine, healthy, manly tone pervades many of these plays. The commonplace horrors of such pieces as 'Maria Martin' and 'Sweeney Todd' are quite played out."

"Does the legitimate drama no longer command an audience in its former eastern strongholds?"

"Well," replied Mr. Cohen, "you see, we no longer have the actors to give us the legitimate. In old days, tragedians of West-End fame—such as Phelps, Anderson, Barry Sullivan, Dillon, and Vandenhoff—would pay us frequent visits in a round of their chief parts. They always commanded big 'business,' and I am convinced that Shaksperian plays, well mounted and strongly cast, would still prove a great attraction. But where are the actors? Mr. Irving does not come eastward, and there is no other West-End star venture—some enough to make more than a very occasional transit into the Shaksperian drama. It is true we have had occasional visits from some of our chief provincial tragedians, but the biggest of country reputations does not prove a great attraction here. In these days of cheap travel, playgoing tastes are naturally much influenced by proximity to the West End, and our audiences require the hall-mark of West-End success, except in the case of some local favourite."

"Then, melodrama will be the chief attraction at your new theatre?"

"Yes, it will occupy the bills very frequently. As of recent years, we mean to mount, but still more completely, reproductions of Adelphi and Drury Lane pieces; and I may tell you that the mounting and acting has to be very good indeed. There has been a great improvement in taste of late years, and it has entailed a

more exacting criticism. There is no critic like your East-End playgoer. You should see our Boxing-Night audiences. They are most attentive, applaud very little, but take stock all the more. They mean to have their money's-worth. As to the mounting of a play, why, it has to be so complete that the profits are just about halved."

"Do your audiences express disapproval at all strongly?"

"By staying away. The days of disorder and riots, I think, are over; and even in old days the laxity of the management was a good deal to blame. My motto is, 'Never take a liberty with your audiences, and they will not take a liberty with you.'"

"And what is to follow your pantomime?"

"Well, in March we are going to produce, on a very large scale, a new play by Messrs. Shirley and Landeck. In the summer we shall be visited by several of the best touring companies until about July, when I hope we may carry out a very novel scheme. It will entail a heavy expenditure, but will, I think, command success."

"Anything of the nature of promenade concerts?" I hazarded; but Mr. Cohen only gave a Sphinx-like smile, and added that his autumn production will illustrate some important Jewish rites and festivals, a feature of great interest to the many local playgoers of the nationality which has always owned so large a measure of the artistic temperament.

"You see," said Mr. Cohen, "we aim at longer runs in the future during our 'stock' seasons. We are going to cater for all classes. For our new theatre we hope to deserve a patronage no longer merely local. Our present pantomime has promised us success in this respect, for we have had advance bookings from all parts of London."

By this time the curtain had risen on "The Babes in the Wood," and Mr. Cohen would talk no more lest I should miss the show.

Photo by The Willtons, Ltd., Cheapside.



THE ROSE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LOMBARDI AND CO., PAUL MALL EAST.

THE NEW CRITICISM.

SCENE: *The study in KENNETH BOLTON's chambers.*

CHARACTERS: KENNETH BOLTON, aged 28; ALEXANDER ORME, aged 40; ROSAMUND FINDLAY, aged 21; SEVERAL OTHER FRIENDS OF BOLTON'S.

KENNETH BOLTON *asleep on a lounge, in evening dress, his hair dishevelled. Morning light streams over him. A clock strikes eleven, and he wakes, looking dazedly around the room for a moment or two. His eyes fall upon a crumpled file of newspapers lying on the floor at his feet. He mutters, half aloud—*

It's all true, then. Heavens! how terrible waking up to life again with such a dead weight on brain and heart! I was a coward not to take a header off Westminster Bridge. I can't face Rose again, my Rose of the world! (Sees a half-finished letter which lies near a brandy-bottle on the table close beside him.) Gad! I must have dreamed I finished that, and posted it. She has been grieving about me, I know. (Rises, and walks to the mantel, where, among a confusion of pipes, photographs, and tobacco-jars, a couple of small revolvers are lying. He takes one, and stands looking at his reflection in the mirror, his bloodshot eyes, haggard face, and tumbled curly hair.) What a brute I look! I oughtn't to let myself live. (Tosses over the articles on the mantel.) I wonder where those cartridges have got to? (He goes hastily to the next room, and as he drops the portière behind him a faint knock at another door is heard. A sweet voice calls) Kenneth, may I come in? (Another knock, and after a pause ROSAMUND FINDLAY timidly enters.)

ROSAMUND. Kenneth, I met Hawkins just going out to buy your breakfast, and he let me in. Oh! Kenneth's not here, after all; but he has been here. There are the newspapers. How my heart aches for him! What wretches those critics are! I should like to see them killed with my own eyes! He's begun a letter. I wonder if it is to me? *(Reads.)* "My own precious girl, I have not courage to see you again. Forgive me for what I am about to—" Oh, has he killed himself? *(She moans, and falls on her knees, with her face upon the letter. BOLTON comes to the doorway, the revolver still in his hand, which he conceals when he sees ROSAMUND.)*

BOLTON. My darling!

ROSAMUND. Oh, you are alive!

BOLTON *(taking both her hands)*. You ought not to have come here, Rose.

ROSAMUND. You wouldn't come to me. You left me sitting in the box at the theatre without a word. It nearly broke my heart.

BOLTON. I could not face you and your mother after that wretched fiasco. I knew then that the play was a hopeless failure. I went out alone, and walked the streets until I could get the morning papers. Those were terrible hours; but perhaps I felt a spark of hope until I read what the critics had to say. You know that they all agreed my play was the work of a madman—that it isn't even original, that it's immoral, that it's absurd, that it's the worst bit of work put on the London stage for a dozen years. You know how our hopes were built upon it—that your father had promised you to me if it proved a success. And we were so sure! How I have worked these last few weeks, with you to encourage me! I didn't leave a stone unturned. And you were an angel, and let me engage the prettiest actresses in England. But nothing could save me. And what is left but debt, disgrace, and disappointment? Who will take any of my work after this? What is life to me without hope of you? I will not accept it!

ROSAMUND. Oh! Kenneth, if you kill yourself, you kill me too. *(The voices of men laughing together boisterously are heard in the hall.)* How terrible! I must have forgotten to close the outside door. What shall I do?

[BOLTON hastily puts her into the next room, and, drawing the portière, stands before the door, as though at bay. ALEXANDER ORME and five or six other men, more or less young, enter, following their own knock.]

A JOURNALIST. Well, old chap, here we are, you see, to congratulate you.

ANOTHER MAN. Luckiest fellow I know!

STILL ANOTHER MAN. Well, we don't grudge it you, or we shouldn't be here.

BOLTON *(confused and angry)*. I don't know what you mean. Have you come here to laugh at me?

THE JOURNALIST. Laugh? Don't talk rot! We've come to pat you on the back.

BOLTON. In Heaven's name, for what?

THE JOURNALIST. Because you're in such deuced good luck. Haven't you seen the papers?

BOLTON *(grimly)*. Yes; I've seen them.

ANOTHER MAN. Well, then, what do you want? What could be better? Does anybody say a good word for you? Do they leave you a leg to stand on?

BOLTON. Not they. And I can't help saying it's not exactly friendly in you all to come spying about here, gloating over my misfortune.

[They all close hilariously around him, slapping him on the back and poking him in the ribs.]

A PLAYWRIGHT. Don't be an ass, dear boy! We all know you're green, only born two years ago—when you came to London—and this is your first play. But you can't get us to believe that you're donkey enough not to see that the critics have simply combined to make your fortune.

BOLTON. For God's sake, take your sarcasm somewhere else! They've ruined me, that's all.

A PLAYWRIGHT. Well, old man, you are behind the times. Haven't you learned yet that nowadays the public goes by contraries? It's all the new criticism. If the critics damn you the people run after you. They're filled at once with morbid curiosity. They want to see for themselves what's wrong—whether it's private spite, or whether you've got anything to say that it would be better for them not to hear. Jove! what luck you're in! Not one or two of the papers, but all, come down on you, and, as though they hadn't done enough for you already, they attack your morality. The parsons will be preaching against you in church. You'll have to take a larger theatre. None of us have ever contrived to fall on our feet like this at the first jump.

THE JOURNALIST. See, here's Orme; read the papers, and wouldn't rest till he'd flashed over here to engage you to write the next play for the Frivolity, lest he should be too late.

ANOTHER MAN. Clever beggar! knew some other manager would have bagged you before night.

BOLTON. You're not all lying to cheer me up? Is it really true?

ALEXANDER ORME. It is, my boy. I've come to talk business.

THE PLAYWRIGHT. You must stand us some wine all round.

BOLTON. I will, I will! I'll drown you in champagne. But go over to the club, and I'll join you there presently. Don't think me inhospitable or ungrateful, but I—I must have ten minutes alone. By Jove! fellows, you've saved my life.

[They all go out laughing. The door slams behind them.]

BOLTON. Rosamund!

[ROSAMUND runs in, between tears and laughter. They fall into each other's arms.]

A. L.

"JENNY" THE CHIMPANZEE.

The present occupant of the cage in which the educated "Sally" lived so long (for an anthropoid ape), to the delight of a large circle of acquaintances, is now tenanted by a young female of the same species from the West Coast of Africa. Her education is, of course, in a very elementary stage, and, though she will probably soon be able to drink from a tin mug, to feed herself with a spoon, to take pieces of fruit out of her keeper's pocket, and to poke straws through the keyhole, what one may call her "higher education," to bring her up to the level of her



THE CHIMPANZEE AT THE ZOO.

predecessor, will be a work of time. It should not, however, be a very difficult task to teach her to count straws at least up to five, on the lines laid down by the late Professor Romanes for the guidance of the keepers who aided him in his task with "Sally." "Jenny" is very tame, and when taken out of her cage will allow visitors to examine her hands and feet, or to stroke her; but she does not care for these attentions, and never attempts to return them by holding and caressing one's hand, as her smaller neighbours would do. She is, however, attached to her keeper, and nestles in his arms just as a child would do.

H. S.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Life must be dull in the Tropics, where it is never cold; or in the Arctic regions, where it never really thaws to a satisfactory extent. The inhabitants of these parts are obviously doomed to an almost complete monotony in respect of the topic which, of all others, contributes to the well-known brilliance of English conversation—I mean, of course, the weather. A teleologist, if such an individual still lingers, might plausibly maintain that the infinite, and at times disagreeable, variety of English weather is intended to supply the mute inglorious Briton with something to talk about. What political blackmailing is to the Frenchman, what

built would last, perhaps, for centuries; and men do not love to build solidly for the ground-landlord. Furthermore, even double windows—as these would commonly be fitted—would only deflect, not extinguish, the noble British draught, which is the most sacred possession of our happy homes, our virtuous theatres, and our sacred churches.

Yet, in the matter of boilers and pipes, somewhat may be done. Surely water-pipes may be so combined, the hot with the cold, that on emerging from the sheltering earth the friendly warmth of the domestic circulation may greet and protect the chilly offspring of the main.



MISS ETHEL SYDNEY.

FROM A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY LOMBARDI AND CO., Pall Mall East.

the Kaiser is to the German, that is his weather to the Englishman—a perpetual and unfrozen fountain of conversational matter.

But the present Arctic spell—which, I trust, will be over before these lines appear in print—is getting past a joke or a topic, and becoming food for profanity. We are not all skaters, and our country is not one where a hard winter finds all preparations made to meet it. We have no thick walls, double windows, or big china stoves, like the Russians; no furnaces, like our Canadian and New England cousins. To be sure, we are not taken unaware, like the unhappy people who flocked to the Riviera this winter to escape the cold, and found it there. We have grates and hot-water apparatus of a sort; yet year by year our pipes freeze, our boilers burst, and the nefarious plumber plies a merry trade, reaping, in too many cases, the fruits of his iniquity, and mending the damage that his own negligence has caused.

In these days of Trades Unions it is probably hopeless to suggest that English houses might be built with walls of a decent thickness. The wages bill (at twenty-three bricks to the hour) would render a semi-detached villa a dwelling for a millionaire. Again, a house so

Surely, also, boilers may be provided with safety-valves, and we need no longer have to say of our domestic cook, that “faithful below she did her duty, and now she’s gone aloft” with the boiler. Also some form of fire-place that shall warm the room in which it is, rather than the clouds above, is greatly to be recommended. No doubt the method of bringing back milder weather by warming the clouds up is ingenious; but it has the disadvantage of being terribly gradual, and, like all promiscuous philanthropy, has a tendency to give very little result for a vast expenditure of energy.

The human race is composed of individuals, and human cities are composed of houses. Enthusiasm for the race or the city, as a thing in itself, leaves us cold—in the present case, very literally. Therefore, I would make it an instruction to the voters in the approaching County Council election that they bring to the front, and keep there, questions of domestic polity. Open spaces and bands are well enough in summer—in the present temperature their mere mention seems a mockery. We have more open air than we want—considerably more. High wages for workmen are doubtless well fitted to call forth the gratitude of the workmen; the ratepayer, who pays the wages, might, perhaps, ask that attention should be paid to getting a better return in work.—MARMITON,

LITERARY RESTAURANTS.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Nearly all the chop-houses, taverns, and restaurants that attracted literary men about the year 1860 and the succeeding years of the early 'Sixties have been pulled down or disappeared, and those of them that still endure can be easily counted on one hand. The literary coffee-house as it existed in the last century is unknown to the present generation; but we have seen something very like it in the old coffee-room of the Hummums in Covent Garden, in the well-known dining-room, with its little boxes, at the Albion, close by Drury Lane, beloved by Thackeray and Dickens, a supper haunt once the favourite rendezvous of Henry Irving and the actors and journalists of his early struggling days in London.

But the coffee-house, extremely popular in 1860, that, to my mind, most resembled those of the days of Johnson and Swift and Addison was the old Scotch Stores in Oxford Street, a few doors from the Circus. A cosier place to dine at it would be difficult to imagine, and when I knew it the Scotch Stores was patronised alike by novelists, essayists, journalists, and actors. A few paces from the street found you in a room warm as toast and replete with comfort.

The boxes were of old mahogany, and so severely polished that you could see your face in the panels. A roaring fire was at one end of the room, on which was ever a hissing copper kettle ready for the whisky punch that always wound up a capital old-fashioned English dinner, well cooked, and served with a cleanliness that was one of the principal charms of the place. The head waiter was a good old fellow called Curtis, who knew the peculiarities of all his customers, and was more like a butler of the old school than the head waiter of what was literally an inn parlour.

When I was a lad, all the best inns in London and its suburbs had parlours, which were, in point of fact, the club-room and political or parochial discussion forum of the neighbourhood. Here came the big-wigs of the parish every night, the local tradesmen and their friends, to discuss over long clay pipes and grog the affairs of the nation and all the matters of local and parochial interest.

Often and often in old days, when I had some particular work to do, and wanted not only a walk but a quiet corner to write in, I would stroll out to Islington, or Dalston, or Highbury, and work away in peace up in a corner of a box of the parlour of an old-fashioned inn.

My dear old friend E. L. Blanchard was a wonderful pioneer for a youth who wanted to see old London, and he knew the style and character of every tavern, particularly in the north of London. But the chop-houses that Blanchard mostly frequented in his hard-working days were in Fleet Street and the Strand. The good old Cheshire Cheese, where we used to repair nearly every week to dine off a wonderful beef-steak pudding full of larks and oysters, is still in existence, and, doubtless, the pudding is served also. The great time to see the Cheese was during Cattle Show week, when the room was crowded with farmers and young men from the country, who boasted such enormous appetites that I fear Mr. B. A. Moore, the proprietor, did not benefit much from their custom.

I remember on one occasion a great hulking agriculturist had swallowed his plate of pudding before Mr. Moore had had time to serve his customers once round, whereupon the landlord intoned the following remark sarcastically, "William, give this gentleman a large steak to go on with."

But many a private dinner, also, I have had upstairs at the old Cheese. E. L. Blanchard gave his pantomime pudding dinner every year at the Cheese—to which were invited the Vokes family, and Cormack, the ex-harlequin and active stage-manager—and we kept it up afterwards in dear old Blanchard's delightful rooms on Adelphi Terrace.

The Cock Tavern, in Fleet Street, has long since disappeared, with its boxes, sanded floor, and quaint chimney-piece. It did not long survive the theft of the gold bird over the doorway—the famous cock, supposed to have been carved by Grinling Gibbons. But, of course, the Cock, with its "plump head waiter," remains immortalised by Will Waterproof in the poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

Carr's Restaurant, by St. Clement Dances, was once a very favourite dining-place and rendezvous of the light literary brigade. It was famous for its exquisite *cuisine*, and a wonderful Beaune that only cost tenpence a pint. I think I must have been at the initiation of at least a dozen newspapers at Carr's, all destined to be failures. Few men now living have written for more first numbers of journalistic failures than I have. My old friend Dillon Croker possesses a wonderful collection of first numbers. I think the names of Clement Scott and Ashby Sterry must figure in a good many of them, printed and published, these last twenty-five years. There was one paper, however, we started at Carr's which very nearly made a great success, mainly owing to the spirited political cartoons designed by John Proctor. The political pictures helped to return a well-known Conservative Government. The paper was called *Will o' the Wisp*, and was edited by a good-natured enthusiast named Hamilton Hume, who was supposed to be a hero in our set because he had once been invited down to Gadshill by Charles Dickens. How we envied him, and all the more when he produced a photograph of the lawn at Gadshill in which our friend was posed side by side with Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and Charles Fechter. On the staff of *Will o' the Wisp* were my friends Sir Douglas Straight, Charles Ross, Ernest Warren, and, of course, Ashby Sterry, who started work exactly when I did, and, like me, is still hard at the mill.

Going farther up the Strand, good old Simpson's still keeps up its excellent character with literary men and actors. Above the men's dining-room is, of course, the famous club of the Knights of the Round Table,

a hospitable and cheery set of good fellows; but those who "love the play," and are sensible enough to dine early off the best fish and joints that can be found in London, congregate as much as ever at Simpson's. At pantomime time Simpson's is a necessity before starting for Drury Lane. Previtali's and Scott's, in the Haymarket, have always had a literary flavour, and Dieudonné's is eminently musical and artistic; but there is one West-End restaurant that has constantly harboured literary men, artists, and journalists for thirty years, and does so to this day.

It is as cosy a little restaurant as can be found in London; it is scrupulously clean, the cooking is excellent, and the present owner is as fond of literary men as was his predecessor, Bongiovanni. I allude to the Solferino, in Rupert Street, Leicester Square. Here, more than thirty years ago, we had a table at the farthest corner of the long room, on one day, at least, every week, presided over by Tom Hood, our President-in-Chief; and we were waited on by Charles, a pale but amiable Swiss, who, alas! is no more, though his successor has inherited his talent for gentle courtesy. Here, at the bidding of Tom Hood, came W. S. Gilbert, the humorist, and Tom Robertson, the dramatist, and Jeff Prowse, the poet and leader-writer, and Henry S. Leigh, the wit, and Paul Gray, the artist, and Arthur Sketchley, who "set the table on a roar," and James Molloy, the song-writer, and W. R. McConnell, the genial barrister and friend of everybody. Oh! what a merry crew we were, the boys of that thrice happy time, when we were beginning on the very lowest rung of that awfully high ladder to climb. The literary *cachet* never deserted the Solferino. Here many a time and oft have I seen Algernon Charles Swinburne and Dante Rossetti and his brother. Here regularly on Sunday evening Westland Marston led in his blind poet son, Philip Marston. Here, even to this hour, come the cavalry and the infantry of the popular evening journals of the present day; here come the poets and essayists of the new school, led by their popular chief; here comes the famous light brigade of the weekly literary press, and here, in the same comfortable boxes, the "new critics," as they choose to call themselves, discuss poetry and style, and the coming men and women, and politics, music, the fine arts, and the drama, just as we did as boys, thirty odd years ago.

I always feel young again when I take my seat at the dear old Solferino, and if I were allowed by the sweet companion by my side to be sad I should look round the room and summon up the shadows of friends, the best and the truest, the dearest, that I have ever known. Yes; that old room is full of shadows, and must be ever so to me, until I join them and clasp their faithful hands in the land of the unknown.

ON A COPY OF "THE IDYLLS OF THE KING."

(A fancy founded on fact.)

I took it from its dusty niche,
"The Idylls of the King,"
Bound in the gaudy green in which
Lord Alfred used to sing.
A first edition, it displayed
Old Moxon's "M" device,
And for the royal rhyme I paid
The ruling market price.

Yet filthy lucre could not buy
Another quite the same
(Ah, reader, do you wonder why
I venture such a claim?),
Upon the title-page I read
(In ink that once was blue)
"To darling Christabel from Fred,
May, 1862."

The donor frankly spoke his mind,
His state of heavenly bliss,
For he had neatly underlined
A passage such as this:
"Let chance what will, I love thee," dear——
'Twas what the King did say;
That morn he wedded Guinevere
(Which, also, was in May).

Then, "Twice my love hath smiled on me";
And, "Thou art fair!" he chose;
And once again, "I fly to thee!"
And then "One rose, my rose!"
And towards the end he marked the line—
"May God be with thee, sweet!"
'Twas thus he knelt before her shrine
And cast him at her feet.

And "who," perchance you ask, "were 'Fred'
And 'darling Christabel?'"
And are they still alive or dead?"
Alas! I cannot tell.
Perchance the maiden bears the name
Of him who sent the tale;
Or "Fred," it may be, never came
To find his Holy Grail.

J. M. B.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



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MEDITATION.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. PALMER CLARK.

ART NOTES.

The career of Francesco Podesti, who died at Rome a few days ago, was surely unique for its length and busyness among the careers of the sons

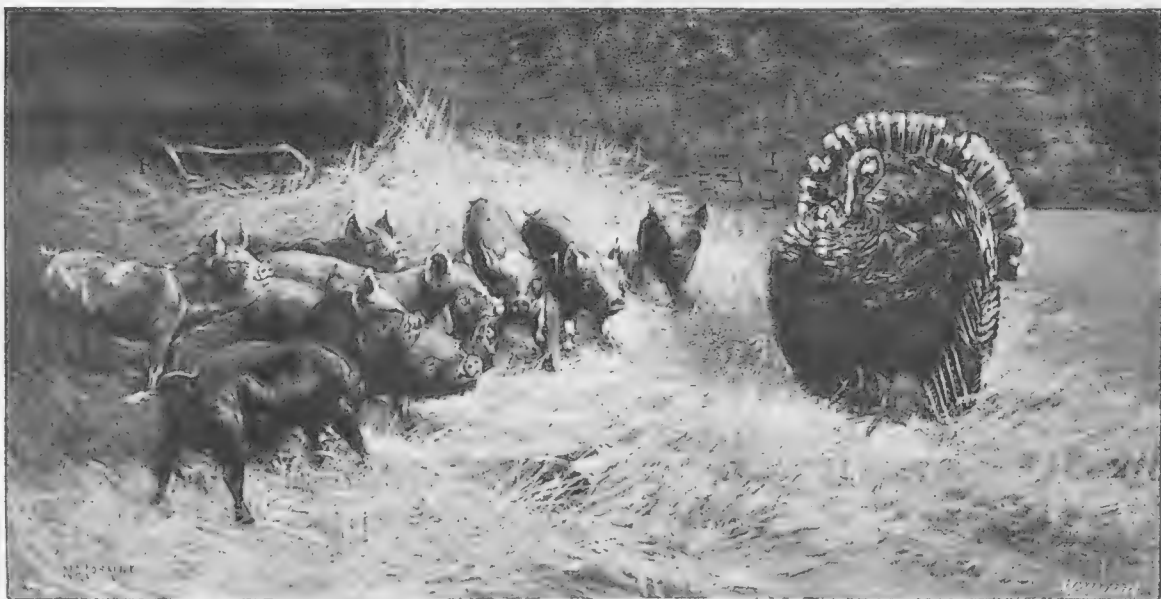


SALMON-FISHING, CHRISTCHURCH BAY.—STUART-LLOYD.
Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

of men. He was born with the century. When he was about fifteen years of age, he was left an orphan, and proceeded to the study of drawing under the famous Camuccini, and at once showed promise of a brilliant career. After travelling through the principal cities of Italy, he finally decided to make Rome his residence, after which he proceeded with great industry to produce the works for which he became celebrated.

It is on record that he painted four hundred historical and other pictures, besides three hundred and fifty portraits in oil and two hundred in pastel. When more than eighty-three years of age, he painted a series of frescoes, for his native city of Ancona, in the Chiesa del Sacramento, works which are considered not below the level of his best work. Of that work, the Vatican and a multitude of European galleries contain numerous examples. Podesti, successful academic artist as he was, had been decorated by most of the literary and artistic Academies of Europe, and received the Savoy Order for Civil Merit more than half a century ago. He was, indeed, a successful artist, and a busy one.

The water-colours hanging at Messrs. Agnew's Annual Exhibition form its chief staple of interest. Of the Turners, it may be said that they are disappointing, when judged by the standard of Turner's best work in this kind. His "Colchester," however, is an extremely beautiful work, delicate and simple in complexity, which Turner, and probably Turner alone, could have painted. There are some extremely beautiful David Coxes, his "Two Magpies" being lovely in colour-effect, in its beautiful distances, and in the shining quality of its light. There are, too, a quantity of William Hunts, a painter who, if somewhat shaky in drawing, was certainly an extraordinary master of character of whatever description, whether of human eccentricity or of still life. His "Plums" are real plums, however unsatisfactory the general colouring of the picture. His "Shy Sitter"—an awkward girl in an awkward posture—is a marvellous study of character,



BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.—N. ARTHUR LORRAINE, R.B.A.
Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours.

although here again we are free to confess that the mere drawing is quite inconsiderable in quality. There is a De Wint, too, in the same galleries, dealing with a Yorkshire subject, called "Yorkshire Fells: Evening," in which all that painter's fine qualities of breadth and solidity, as well as his quiet restraint and refined austerity, are peculiarly apparent. The show is generally a very fine one, and well worthy of admiration.

M. Paul Mantz, eminent as art critic and art historian, and well-known as art official, is just dead at the age of seventy-four. When he was twenty he entered the Ministry of the Interior, where he remained for something like forty years, during which time he devoted his spare time to the history of art, upon which subject he wrote with much acuteness and appreciation, in consequence of which he was appointed, in 1881, Director of Fine Art in France, a post which he resigned two years later. His works were very numerous and were exceedingly well written.

M. Helleu's dry-points and pastels, now on exhibition at Mr. Dunthorne's gallery in Vigo Street, are among the finest art shows now on view in London, and this in particular reference to the dry-points. These are remarkable, in the main, for their extraordinary unity in variety. Throughout all you recognise the same master style, the individual and personal achievement; but no less are you confronted by the extraordinary and engrossing difference of accomplishment, as each separate incident and natural effect sifted, as it were, through one most artistic temperament. This is M. Helleu's distinction, and one which makes the individual style of this artist extremely attractive. At one



WILD GROUSE.—KENNETH MACKENZIE.
Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

time he is graceful, ingenious, full, and careful; at another he is brief, brutal, and merely indicative. Nothing could be more different, yet nothing could be more distinguished so similarly. If one may select a very few that seem to be especially interesting and beautiful, we should be inclined to mention "Étude de Femme au Chapeau," "Femme à la Tasse," and "Le Salon Blanc." The drawing in all of these is, in truth, the perfection of technique—not the mechanical technique of the Academy, but the free and simple certainty of an artist who not only knows how to draw according to the official understanding of drawing, but also how to draw a beautiful and artistic line.

M. Helleu is a master of his own medium, and, under every natural aspect, he knows how to make just the differences of treatment which the difference of his subjects demands from him. He will be delicate and particular now, and now smudgy and "blottesque," just as the truth of art commands. Some portraits are charming for their daintiness; others are engrossing for the swiftness of their quality, the quick yet unerring truthfulness of their curt style. After this we may be forgiven for saying that by the side of the dry-points the pastels show some lack of distinction.

We need not dwell particularly upon them; but they are somewhat wanting in the unerring subtlety which distinguishes the dry-points. Nevertheless, they are decidedly attractive.

The Dudley Gallery, in its thirty-first Water-Colour Exhibition, shows rather more than customary merit. The exhibition is, perhaps, not what would be called a strong one; its greatness is, perhaps, a little faint and faded; still, it contains work which is by no means to be either despised or set aside. Mr. Walter Severn's (the President) work has its old, rather charming poetic quality, combined with what appears to us as a far greater skill of draughtsmanship, and a far greater sense of true style, in a broad sense. Mr. David Green surprises us by the excellence of his work. His "April Weather" has been generally admired, and we are bound to say that it deserves all the admiration it has got. It is coherent, welded together in its details, but without any niggling or smallness of spirit. On the contrary, small though it is, it has a singular breadth and greatness of manner.

The designs now exhibited at Mr. Maclean's, in the Haymarket, by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, need not, perhaps, be taken very seriously. They do not belong to the artist's maturest period, and are interesting rather for the problems they suggest than problems solved. Here, indeed, you find that sense of flowing line, of conscious arrangement, and of rather transparent beauty which are inseparable from this artist's work. Occasionally, too, he is discovered as a charming colourist, but you do not incline to enthusiasm in this presence. It is a little as if these designs were a series of questions—or, call them notes of interrogation—which Sir Edward Burne-Jones has subsequently answered.

The seventy-first birthday of Josef Israels has just been celebrated at The Hague. One of his greatest English admirers, Mr. J. Staats Forbes, went all the way from Switzerland to The Hague to attend a dinner in the painter's honour.

An International Prize, Competition and Summer Photographic Exhibition is to be held at the Agricultural Hall at the end of June. The feature of the exhibition is that the prints need not be framed, thus doing away with the expense of frames, railway carriage, &c., the only outlay being postage and the entrance fee of one shilling per print. Special efforts will be made to obtain representative exhibits from Australia, India, New Zealand, America, Japan, France, Germany, &c.



"HERE'S FATHER!"—ARTHUR J. ELSLEY.



A SUDDEN SQUALL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH ROBINSON, REDHILL.

"THE ORIENT," AT OLYMPIA.

Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.



EMPEROR MANUEL II.



BYZANTINE GUARDS.



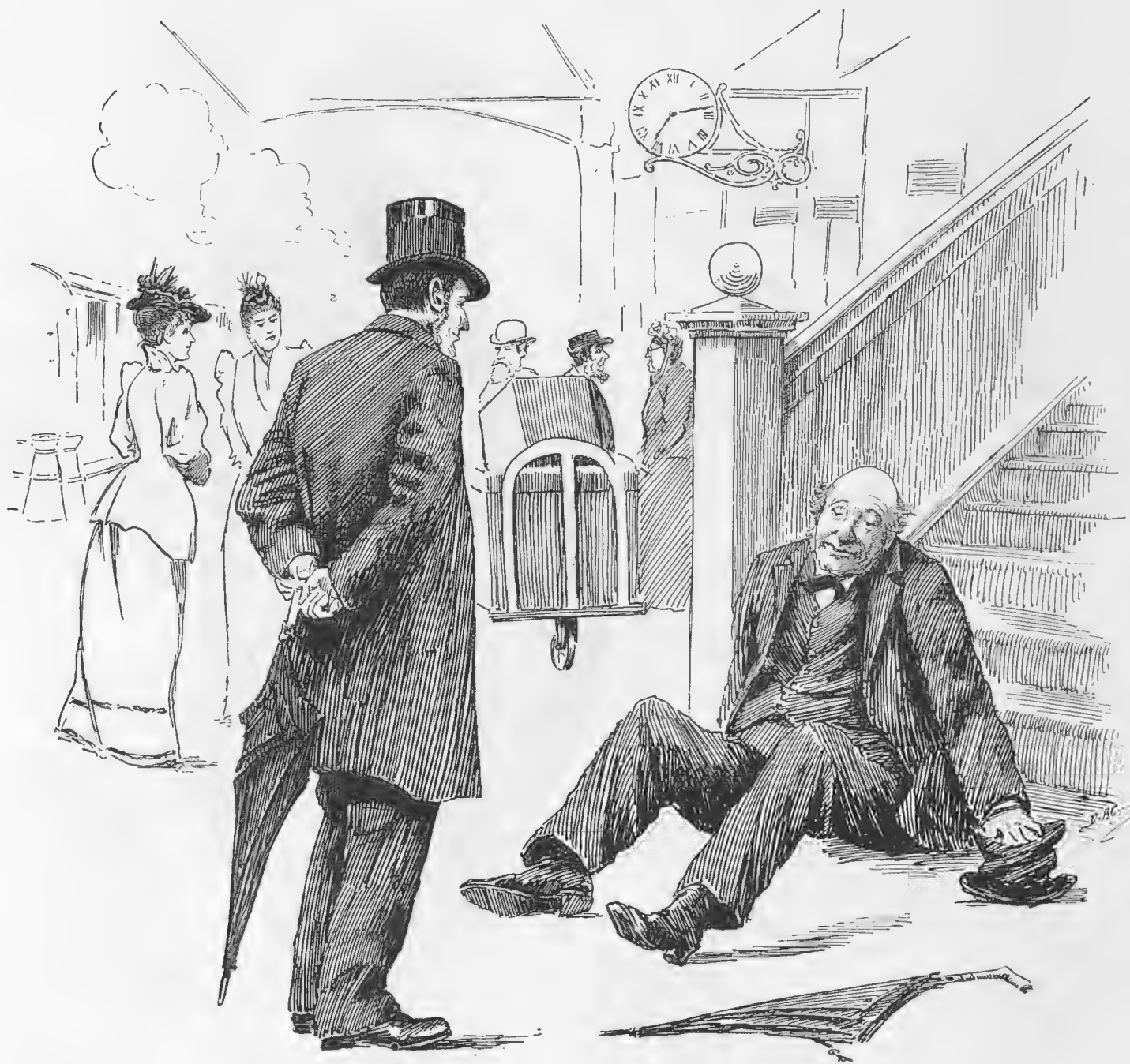
WHITE GIRL AND BLUE-PAGE.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



MEAN.

CONVERSATION OVERHEARD AT A RAILWAY-STATION: "Yes, Bill 'ad a quid as a present, and a quid to get married with; and 'e never paid me that seven-and-a-tanner 'e owes me."



UNNECESSARY.

SYMPATHISER : " Friend, you would have done better to carry your load in a bottle."
OLD PARTY (who has fallen downstairs) : " Broksh bottle, too."



IN THE GREEN-ROOM.

HE : "There is something about your waist which has been very much admired."

SHE (cooly) : "What is it?"

HE : "My right arm."



PARSON (lost on the moors) : " Let your conversation be nay or yea ! Balaam spoke to his ass, and I may have to address just a few mild expressions to this cussed beast of mine."

SIR HENRY READER LACK, COMPTROLLER-GENERAL OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

Some experience in patenting in time past led me as a petitioner into the presence of Sir Henry Reader Lack. Accidental oversight of "regulations" made me an unwitting transgressor, and the Comptroller-General was to be my judge. With a clear conscience I pleaded my



SIR H. READER LACK.

cause—eloquently! And by the justice and courtesy of my judge the difficulty was overcome. *Entre nous*, I was afterwards told I was the first woman who had won so signal a victory.

This incident doubtless created a desire to seek an interview with the present Comptroller, through whom I might learn more of the old institution which in its beginnings dates centuries back in English history. "*Litteræ Patentes*," or open letters, were originally given, conferring a title of nobility; but in 1617 the first letter-patent was granted of which record is retained, securing to a person for a term of years the exclusive right to an invention.

Sir H. Reader Lack is not favourable to the modern autobiography by proxy, on the score that there is much adulatory padding. This just attack I playfully resented, and, being a warm advocate of truth, ventured to tell Sir Henry he was necessary as the frame to a sketch of the institution he had faithfully served for many years. Most amiably he accepted the position, placing information at my disposal.

"Can women hold any position in the Office, that appears to be only staffed by the stronger sex?" I asked, trusting I should not be regarded as a female dynamitard.

"Women are most valuable as Poor-Law Guardians and on the School Board; they equal or even surpass us in practical knowledge bearing upon home life. But," continued the Comptroller, "so far, the employment of ladies has not been tried in this building. My friend, Sir H. Cole, did so experimentally in a museum at Kensington connected with the Patent Office; but I fancy the plan has not succeeded. You can understand there would be some difficulty in one young lady coming in among so many gentlemen. Even if the Board of Trade, the official head of this Office, made no objection, I should have to be supplied with twenty of the gentler sex, under a lady superintendent, to make a fair trial," said Sir Henry, smiling. I fancy the Comptroller is scarcely favourable to the New Woman, for he added thoughtfully, "There is no knowing what awaits us in the future. I fear the gentlemen will be nowhere in 1950."

"I strongly object to rivalry, Sir Henry; but the necessities of the times send so many women into the labour-field, apart from the enjoyment and good of definite usefulness, that it is only fair to allow freedom of choice to both sexes. After centuries of repression, reproach is not lacking that there has never been a great composer or painter among women; yet how cautiously and grudgingly are advantages equal with men conceded! This leads me to ask, 'Has woman proved successful as a patentee?'"

In reply, Sir Reader Lack, whose time was valuable, asked his secretary to take me to the library, and, from *Inventions*, I gathered the following interesting quotation: "Women are often very successful inventors; one lady derived £10,000 from a baby-carriage invention, and a young girl realised a large fortune by a curiously ingenious machine for making paper bags. Mrs. Walton, of New York, conceived the

'happy thought' of deadening the sound of car-wheels on the elevated railway. Nearly four hundred women applied for patents last year, embracing stationery, dress, and household requisites, type-writers, and articles of general industry."

It would appear that a boundless field of labour is open to the practical mind or possessor of a "happy thought."

By the courtesy of the librarian a photograph of the library was offered for reproduction in *The Sketch*.

Sources of information, past and present, abound therein. May brevity prove the soul of interest, since limited space only permits a cursory review.

Three distinct chapters of patent history present themselves—

- I. The Patent Office before the Act of 1852.
- II. The Great Seal Patent Office from 1852-83.
- III. The Patent Office since 1883, incorporating the subject of Trade Marks and Designs.

The first issue of any patent for invention is referred to the reign of Edward III., but the practice was developed under Henry VIII. The petitioner for this privilege or monopoly first lodged his *application* at the Home Office; subsequently it passed through five offices, namely: The Chambers of the Attorney-General, The Patent Bill Office, The Signet Office, The Privy Seal Office, Letters Patent Office in Chancery Lane. The successful patent finally reached the Enrolment Office, a division of the above. The early system of Royal Grants of Monopolies being carried to excess by arbitrary conduct, gravely affected trade, even in common necessities, such as corn, salt, iron, &c. Public indignation was aroused, and the iniquity swept away by the Statute of Monopolies, under James I. Still, injustice and bribery flourished as evil weeds, necessitating thorough reform, which inaugurated our present Patent Laws. To simplify matters, and remove the cumbersome and tedious existing arrangements, three Bills were brought before Parliament by Lords Granville, Brougham, and Mr. Webster in 1852. Subsequently a Patent Commission was instituted, consolidating the Laws. "Simplicity and uniformity of practice being introduced, the applicant had the great advantage of *one* office of resort, and for information in all stages of the patent."

The Exhibition of 1851 stimulated industrial education, and the Patent Museum, under the Secretary to the Science and Art Department, was opened to the public in 1855.

With the new Patent Laws of Great Britain came, in response to a long-sustained agitation, a reduction of fees. These had been almost prohibitive, except to a minority, and proved destructive to the inventor, discoverer, or designer, and obstructive to commerce. The fees for an English patent had been about £100; for protection in Scotland and Ireland about £300.

"Prudent antiquity" was costly and slow. The Patent Office embraces now some of the functions of a law court, the Board of Trade and the Treasury maintaining a staff of qualified examiners. Since 1884 the whole office has been under the direction of the Comptroller-General of Patents, embracing inventions, designs, and trade-marks, each division having a departmental head. The work of the staff, briefly, is examining applications which, numbered and dated, have passed through the registry-room to be sent by an official to their own special groups. An assistant examiner sees that the formal documents are "in order"—that



THE LIBRARY IN THE PATENT OFFICE.

is, that specification, drawing, and title are according to rule. If incorrect, a revision is necessary before the examiner's report can be signed by the Comptroller. The "provisional specification," withheld from public inspection, is a considerate arrangement involving only a fee of £1. It may be followed up by the "complete specification" within nine months, or may be abandoned without further cost. The Patent Office issues a circular of information gratis; but, on the principle that a man should not be his own lawyer, it may be advisable for a would-be patentee to

employ a registered patent agent. In case of conflicting claims, expert assessors render the applicant service, prior to the judicial decision of the Comptroller.

A valuable collection of works, relating to the applied sciences, attracts over 100,000 readers annually to the excellent library. From America comes a note of encouragement to ladies, on the patent question: "Worthy is it of mention that the first native-born American woman to get a patent was Agdalena Goodman, of Florida, for improvement in broom brushes. Were I to follow the suggestive fact, a speech might



THE PATENT OFFICE, SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.

be made on the inventions of women. They are varied—from straw hats to horse-shoes, from deep-sea telescopes to sewing-machine attachments. Woman's intuitions are proverbial; when she turns them to mechanical invention, the possibilities of achievement surpass the scope of prophecy."

As I close this little sketch, trusting it may awaken some latent inventive genius, the latest photograph of the Patent Office reaches me, through the courtesy of Sir Henry Reader Lack—a pledge, I feel sure, of the encouragement he will give to women-patentees.—J. C. POWER.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XXXIV.—A REMINISCENCE OF "THE STANDARD."

When, in 1867, I began as a writer of leading articles, to be connected with the *Standard* newspaper, the *Morning Herald*, at the price of threepence, was issued daily from the same offices, in Shoe Lane, as the cheaper sheet, and only ceased to appear just twenty-five years ago. The whole establishment had become recently the property of a gentleman who, in the rank of newspaper-owners, deserves to be bracketed with John Walter, the late Mr. James Johnstone. The common editor of both these journals, as well as of the *Evening Standard*, was Mr., or Captain, T. Hamber, a graduate of Oriel, where he had been contemporary with the late Mr. Ward Hunt and the present Mr. Goschen, but subsequently, during the Crimean War, attached to the Swiss Legion or Turkish contingent. Associated with him was the late David Morier Evans, the business manager and City supervisor of the two papers. To some of those employed in various capacities on the establishment it seemed but as yesterday that the great Conservative journal, in the shape which it then wore, had begun to be issued as a morning newspaper. There still survived at the era now referred to, and may, I hope, not yet have passed away, a messenger attached to the premises who, some two decades earlier, used to fetch from the Fleet Prison Maginn's "copy" when that bright original of Thackeray's "Captain Shandon" was, for financial reasons, in periodical seclusion. Tom Hamber, with the possible exception of himself, can have had no enemy in Fleet Street, or out

of it. He possessed some decided qualifications for his post. He was not unfitted to be a leader of men. He had acquired considerable discernment of the drifts of public opinion; he was not slow to seize the right topic of the hour for any given member of his staff to treat. Few men endowed with a greater degree of physical pluck, a more genial temperament and kindlier impulses, ever entered the Arundel Club in Salisbury Street, where his presence was ever welcome. Severely methodical habits were not consonant with the tastes and disposition of this pre-eminently *bon camarade* among the publicists of his period. The proprietor of the newspaper somewhat surprised all those connected with it—probably its then editor most of all—by determining, about 1873-4, upon organic changes in the office. Very abruptly the Hamber-Evans régime came to an end.

Concurrently with that *dénouement* the titular control of the newspaper was vested in Mr. James Johnstone, jun., with Mr. A. P. Sinnett, some time editor of the *Allahabad Pioneer*, and Mr. Burton Blyth as his two successors in office. That last-named gentleman, himself an embodiment of newspaper accuracy and knowledge, had long been one of the chief writers in Shoe Lane. Among his colleagues on the editorial staff were Mr. Alfred Austin, the poet, Mr. H. E. Watts, the crewlike conductor of the Melbourne *Argus*, the wielder of a trenchant and powerful pen; Mr. Percy Greg, who inherited some of the intellectual vigour and not a little of the mental angularity which characterised his distinguished father, William Rathbone Greg. As a journalist in Shoe Lane, Alfred Austin was gathering during these years distinctions not unworthy to be placed by the side of his poetic laurels. Within my personal recollection he accomplished a literary feat not often surpassed or equalled even in the annals of nineteenth-century journalism. Mrs. Harriet Beecher-Stowe's libel on Byron had suddenly fallen upon a startled and disgusted public. Mr. Austin was then in the country. He could scarcely have read the American impeachment of his favourite bard before the afternoon of one day. The next morning the *Standard* published from his pen a vindication of the poet, occupying not less than seven columns, ingeniously, but ingenuously and conclusively, demonstrating from the internal evidence contained in the poems or letters of Lord Byron, as well as from an immense volume of contemporary literature, that there did not exist the shadow of plausibility, still less probability, for the accusations from the other side of the Atlantic, and that, judged by all the laws of moral evidence, the odious narrative could only be the figment of a morbid imagination and a perverted mind. Both as a literary *tour de force* and masterpiece of circumstantial argument, this exploit has not been surpassed, and seldom been equalled, during my knowledge of the London Press. Nor were the same writer's letters on the Vatican (Ecumenical Council at Rome less remarkable in their way, for their varied wealth of local colour, their vivid historical narrative, and the graphic completeness of their synoptic views. Horace St. John, George Painter—the latter of whom first made his mark by some burlesque parodies of the *Gaily Bellowgraph*—and Sydney Laman Blanchard were among the most active members of the *Standard* company in the days when it was first known to the present writer. The arrangement by which the *Standard* editorship, upon Hamber's exit, was placed in commission, proved impracticable after a brief experience. Captain Hamber and Mr. Evans, on leaving Shoe Lane, were not deterred by the fate of the evanescent *Day*, under Mr. James Hutton, some little time back, and, with the not too auspicious title of the *Hour*, had made a new experiment in Conservative journalism. Meanwhile, the proprietor of the *Standard* had shown his independent farsightedness of judgment by appointing to the editorship-in-chief, with which the supreme managership was associated, the gentleman who to-day wields the Shoe Lane sceptre, Mr. W. H. Mudford, to whose extraordinary fitness for his post my service under him during many years qualifies me to pay a tribute which is at least the unbiassed expression of actual experience. Before his promotion to the highest command, Mr. Mudford was chiefly known for his rare services in chronicling the Parliamentary history of the day as it is gleaned from the Westminster debates. His chief literary contributions to the paper had been, if I mistake not, some very graphic letters from Jamaica during the inquiry into Governor Eyre's conduct. Mr. Mudford's elevation was at the time described as a new departure in journalistic management. As a matter of fact, however, it was rather the reversion to an older precedent of well-attested wisdom. The two greatest editors whom Printing House Square knew in the first half of this century had both of them been chosen from the stenographic corps of that journal. Dr. Stoddard had himself listened to debates from the Reporters' Gallery. Thomas Barnes, the greater predecessor of the great Delane, for excellence as a reporter might have rivalled Charles Dickens himself, who, as all the world knows, was a master of shorthand long before he began to be a prince in the realms of fiction. Whether the late Mr. Johnstone was, or was not, influenced by any of these considerations, the result has conclusively justified the selection. By his strenuous supervision of all departments, Mr. Mudford has made his paper a first-rate record of the contemporary history of the world from day to day, while the sagacity, tact, moderation, candour towards political friends and fairness towards political opponents, with which he directs its policy are recognised equally by journalistic experts and by the public at large.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.



PARIS IN THE FROST: CHARACTER SKETCHES BY "MARS."

MR. F. GREENWOOD ON A HUMAN SCIENCE.*

Mediocrity has its revenges, and the chief of these is its happy boast of incredulity. Nothing is commoner than the refusal of all interest in mysteries, and the cheerful sense of superiority that ensues. By mysteries, we mean not the arbitrary mysteries of "the supernatural," as to which science has nothing to say, science being there transcended; but the mysteries, fit subjects of human scepticism (in the right sense of the word), which are but continuations and productions of the daily ways of the familiar human mind. About these the consensus of mediocrity has been perpetually proclaimed. It is that there is not much to inquire into, and, in any case, nothing more than can be explained to demonstration. Mediocrity, intelligent and well-read, is Whiggery. In the world of social science it long dwelt content with the most ugly body of doctrines in regard to foreign relations, trade, machinery, workhouses, and so forth. It held to those dogmas which were dull and uninteresting. They were all the more likely to be orthodox. And this was not only an opinion, it was *the* opinion. To differ from it was to be an uneducated person, or romantic, which was yet more discredit and foolish. Now, this attitude of judgment is distinctively the Whig attitude. It is opposed to Toryism and to Radicalism alike. It flatters the English love of middle ways, and cheers the English pride of common-sense. There are Whigs of science, and Whigs of philosophy, and Whigs of painting, and Whigs of literature, and Whigs of speculative thought. In all these things common-sense is a good thing, provided it be not too common—that is, common in quality as well as common in quantity. What the study of dreams requires is sense a little better than common.

Let us, therefore, take the words out of the common mouth, and say at once that dreams are occasioned by the lobster-salad, and have done with it. Of course they are. But occasion is one thing, and cause another. The final causes of dreams are lurking in those mental mysteries which few men have thought worth looking into. The ordinary powers of the human mind, such as we know them in the affairs of daily life, seem intelligible enough (especially to Whig perception) because we are used to them. In every sense they seem "ordinary." They are matter of familiar experience, and they follow an order. The order may be difficult to account for, but it can, at least, be traced and tested by the tests we know. It is normal. It can be depended upon for like results from like causes; it will not play us pranks in the course of work—so that the working mind, though it is, or should be, one long wonder, has no surprises. Different, indeed (to any but Whig apprehension), is the case with those inordinate and untested conditions of the mind—dreaming and the hypnotic sleep. And Mr. Frederick Greenwood is not a Whig, notoriously not a Whig! He sees the difference. He acknowledges the mystery. He perceives that the intellect in sleep is capable of activities quite inconceivable as attributes of the waking mind we know. It is able so to work as to prepare for itself, in secret, the surprises a writer of fiction prepares for his reader. Everyone knows that Mr. R. L. Stevenson dreamed "Jekyll and Hyde"; but he achieved the more wonderful feat, as he tells us in "Across the Plains," of dreaming a well-built story with an astonishing *dénouement*, prepared and foreseen and led up to by a train of dependent circumstances, but totally new and unexpected to the conscious dreamer—the author. Not to think such a mental feat wonderful and mysterious is to carry mental Whiggery very far, for the intellectual act of Stevenson in his sleep was an inordinate one. Whether his unconscious self was busy for a certain space of time in inventing the end and explanation of the story, and in interlocking the events that were so ended and so explained, and in cunningly keeping that ending a close secret from his consciousness; or whether, by a tremendous act annihilating time, the mind dreamt the ending of the story and the course of the story all at once, and only remembered and re-arranged it on waking, according to the known human conditions of time and sequence; or whether, again, the dreamer by an instantaneous act of comprehension and invention devised a surprising *dénouement* to a tangle that he had made without intention—whichever of these three things happened, he did in his sleep not only what he could not do waking, but what he could not conceive or imagine that any man should be able to do at all. To this experience of Stevenson's, Mr. Greenwood adds others in precisely the same sense. In one instance, the train of circumstances in the dreamed story included such an elaborate bit of leading-up as a sentence of words misunderstood and misheard at the moment of speaking, and rightly explained at the well-prepared close. It is surely unworthy of anyone interested in the human intellect—and the human intellect is all the world to us, all the earth, all the stars and systems; for we know nothing out of the human intellect—to refuse to be interested in the state of dreaming, proved to be a state in which that intellect does ineffable and unthinkable things. No study in the world concerns mankind more, but it has never yet been seriously undertaken. Superstition first and Whiggery afterwards have barred the way.

Yet the subject is human. All men dream. Most men are aware that they have more capacity for emotion in their dreams than they have awake. They have endured more horror and terror in sleep than any event or any thought has ever caused them awake—or, as they believe, would be able to cause them awake—perhaps, even, more love, certainly more hate. And this, too, is worth looking into. To the human dreamer then it shall be said, "Read 'Imagination in Dreams.' Say all you have to say about lobster-salad, but, having said it, read the book." Mr. Greenwood everywhere sees mystery where mystery exists. He is in the only true sense scientific. And he writes admirably well.

A NEW SINGER AT THE EMPIRE.

"The little woman with the big voice," as our friends on the "other side" call Madame Sabel, "La Chanteuse Internationale," who is now appearing nightly at the Empire, comes to us with a big reputation, acquired mainly at Koster and Bial's, where, by-the-bye, our own particular "Cissy" is doing good business just now. Madame Sabel, in her bright, *naïve* way, tells me "anybody who can please the public at Koster's will please them anywhere." It is rather a difficult task to catch Madame at home in her comfortable quarters at the Hôtel Victoria, as, this being her first trip across, she is "doing" her London thoroughly.



Photo by Bushnell, San Francisco.

MADAME SABEL.

Yet that object once achieved, the cheery little woman bids you welcome, and tells you, "I think your London is just splendid." Her husband, who has a pardonably proud air of proprietorship, here chimes in, "We think of taking out citizen-papers, we like England so much." Madame Sabel is a vivacious and animated talker, and has a sparkling flow of conversation. She tells me that she was born at Lawrence, Mass., and removed with her parents to Boston, where she received her education. She developed, at a very early age, a taste for vocal music, and when only eleven became a member of the Boston Cathedral choir. At fourteen she sang in the Grand Opera chorus. She derived much benefit from her short studies under Reuben Berrill at the New England Conservatoire of Music, but the principal part of her musical education was completed without the aid of tutors. She has a style of her own, and the peculiar *timbre* of her voice and the force of expression she possesses enable her to bring out the depths and pathos of the songs she interprets.

The habitués of Koster and Bial's, where Madame Sabel used to do two "turns" nightly—one downstairs, and the other on the roof-garden—would patiently wait until the end of the programme if she happened to come on so late, and would rise *en masse* and crowd up to the roof-garden, anxious not to miss a note of her second "turn." Here her voice could be distinctly heard two blocks away, and it was no uncommon thing for the corners of Thirty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue to be blocked by crowds of people listening to her songs; while another crowd would be found in front of the *Herald* office at the corner of Broadway, drinking in the bell-like tones which floated on the evening air. Some of the American critics have pronounced her rendering of "Patti's introductory overture" almost equal to that of the great *diva* herself. The words and music of the "Champagne" song which Josephine sings are her own composition, and this is being published in London by Sheard. For this song she dons a very novel and handsome gown of white satin, designed to give the idea of a champagne-bottle. The skirt has panels of Chartreuse-green velvet, festooned with realistic bunches of grapes. The bodice is of gold passementerie, to simulate the cork. This is also adorned with grapes, and the huge sleeves are of Chartreuse velvet. This fascinating costume is completed by an exceedingly smart "Rosetta" hat of white satin, gold lace, and ostrich feathers. I asked Madame if she could spare any photos of herself in costume? but she explained, "We rarely think of being photographed in costume on the other side—the public know me by my voice, not my frocks." Madame Sabel possesses talents other than vocal, as is evidenced by her invention of a wonderfully cut shoe, designed to make the foot of the wearer look as small as possible—this being known in America as the "Sabel Shoe." When I took leave, Madame suggested my returning to America in her stead, but I declined the tempting offer, fearing to become known there as "the big woman with the little voice."

ABBY.

* "Imagination in Dreams." By Frederick Greenwood. London: John Lane.

A CHAT WITH THE SERPENTINE DOG DANCER.

Photographs by Gericke, Berlin.

As a rule I find nothing so utterly wearisome as performing dogs—indeed, not merely wearisome but irritating, on account of the constant barking; so when M. Richard's number was hoisted I got up and intended to pay a visit to the lovely *foyer* of the Palace Theatre. However, a friend advised me to stop. The performance is really delightful. The little animals—who walk on their hind legs so readily that they seem to scorn the idea that they are quadrupeds—are so quiet, so wonderfully comic in their costume, so strangely human in their tricks, that when the serpentine dance, in which three of them took part, was over, I begged Mr. Morton to take me to see M. Richard. We found him at the top of the building, in his dressing-room, with all his dancing-dogs around him. For a lady afraid of strange dogs it was a trying position, but in a minute they put me at ease, and showed as much pleasure in being interviewed as a provincial player who has just made a hit in London.

"This," said M. Richard, "is my one big dog, my bull-terrier, who does the sausage-stealing trick. He is the only pure-bred; the others are mongrels—all French but one, which is Irish. The bull-terrier is as sweet-tempered as a—as an oyster. His name? 'Tambour.'"

Of course, I smiled. Any Frenchwoman would who remembers how "Tambour" used to be printed instead of "Amour" in the French schoolgirl's books of poetry, for fear lest ideas on the most important matter of life should come too early into their hearts.

"Why do you choose mongrels?" I asked.

"Oh, as a rule, pure-bred dogs are no good for me. Why, you see, a pure-bred dog comes of a line bred for some particular quality—is it to run, to point, to retrieve; all his soul is in running, pointing, retrieving, and he has no faculty for anything else—he has no stock of brains left free for development. Mongrels are not so; they have not strongly inherited any special bent. So I take my dog; I look in his face to see if he is intelligent, otherwise he is no use; then I make it my business to see for what kind of work he is mentally fitted, and I train him for it. Look at their faces. Intelligent! Come, Follet, play cards with the lady."

He spread cards out on the floor, and, whichever I named, the little dog, after walking round it, picked it up and brought it to me.

"You should see 'Tambour' in the great military sketch, 'Saving the Colours.' Thereupon, M. Richard went through an earnestly comic

his wonderful volubility, his excited way of speaking, and his accent all showed it. Like all the Southerners, he pronounced words ending in "ment" as if they were "mong," just as the English pronounce them.

I asked him his mode of teaching.

"Patience and kindness. Some trainers use sticks and kicks. I use biscuits. With a stick you can make dogs jump over things; but would the Palace Theatre pay me 5000 francs a month to make dogs jump over things? You touch a dog with a whip—it is all over! He becomes a mechanical thing, and does not use his brains, and he has no joy in his



M. RICHARD AND HIS FIREMAN DOG.



A SMOKER.

pantomime of the wounded officer with the flag, and showed how Tambour attended to his wounds, and in the end he said, in a tremendous voice, "Et vous voyez, Madame, il a sauvé le drapeau!"

"What flag?" I asked sweetly.

"Ah, Madame," he replied, with a fine stroke of international patriotism, "that depends on the country where we are playing at the time. Oh, yes, as you say, I have been an actor, a singer, too, and an equilibrist, a dancer, a commercial traveller. Seven years ago I said to myself, 'Why not train dogs? I will take nice little dogs, not big ones to frighten the ladies. I attract the ladies, then the men come, of course.' Oh, yes, Madame, French; I am of Toulouse."

It was easy to guess that he was a Méridional—his striking gestures,

work. I take them young, seven or eight months old, and it costs me six or seven months to teach them; but they never forget their tricks, not even in the course of long years."

"You prompt them a little?"

"I never touch them when they perform. Some trainers, they make them walk upright; but how? They keep touching them under the chin—pretty hard, too! I never touch them. Of course, I prompt a little with my face and my voice; but even a Bernhardt has a prompter. Bernhardt!—her name makes me tell you—in the summer Judie was at the Alcazar d'Été, and I came there, she in big letters and I in small; but we triumphed, and when people came they would ask, 'Are the dogs over?' and if it was so, they would use language such as my dogs would not employ before a lady."

"Which is the great serpentine-dancer?" I asked.

"It is Chiquita," he answered. "Chiquita, *ma perle noire* (my black swan). You have seen how she turns round—always in time, and keeps her dress in position, and how she keeps bowing and bending to the beat of the music."

It is perfectly true she shows a real sense of rhythm, and her mad gracefulness is the most comical thing in the world.

"She is the dog of dogs. I will deposit 4000 francs at your office"—he must have thought I came from the *Sportsman*—"as a wager to any trainer he will not produce a dog with such a sense of music, and such a dancer. Your editor shall be judge."

I suggested that our editor would hardly accept the post. However, he is quite in earnest about the wager.

"No, no; there is no artistic jealousy among them. They are all friends. No, I don't rehearse them during the day. They would get tired, and their work would lose its fire, its *élan*. Yes, they like their work, perhaps for the biscuit they get after the tricks. Why, they wait in the wings standing on their hind legs, and ready, eager for their cue. I am getting up a wonderful lifeboat scene to succeed their fire-escape sketch. They will row the boat, and one will jump overboard and rescue the drowning man, and I will show you how the scene is done."

He began another wonderful pantomime, none the less comic from the fact that he was in his shirt-sleeves, but otherwise in evening dress, and elaborately "made up." When I left, all the bow-wows shook a paw with me, and some gave me, unintentionally I hope, a lock or two of hair as souvenir. While I was going down the stairs I could hear him talking, a gross to the dozen, to the most wonderful dogs I have ever seen.

FINOCLE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Grant Allen has given us "The Woman Who Did." It is published in the "Keynotes Series," and is not a whit more audacious than its companions there. In fact, it might have been published outside that series without creating any scandal at all in these tolerant days. It is only an application of a theory which is freely, if disapprovingly, discussed. It is not dangerous, first, because it is honest and above-board, and terribly serious—the merely frivolous will find it tame and savourless; and, secondly, because the heroine, the "woman who did" the revolutionary things, is not at all charming. Only prigs will find her tolerable. It is her part to prate and preach, and she does it with gusto. Of course, under such circumstances, Mr. Allen could not make her charming, and he might have saved himself the trouble of vainly asserting her beauty and her other delightful qualities.

That the woman's personality is so little attractive will perhaps deter her sisters from following her example just as much as her tragic story. This is a frivolous way of treating a book so very much in earnest, but a book is never justified merely by a serious purpose. A theoretical article on such a subject in a review we are prepared to treat seriously, if disapprovingly; we don't expect artistic satisfaction from it, or even amusement. But a novel raises expectations in us, and we grumble if they are not fulfilled, no matter how serious may be the purpose. And "The Woman Who Did" is not a good-enough novel. Mr. Allen has written many a better one, from an artistic point of view, and, now that he has satisfied his conscience, let us hope he may return to mere story-telling, when he can be really amusing.

It is a fact worth noting that, of the scores of books turned out recently to illustrate or solve the modern problem of the sexes, barely one or two come within sight of literature. The explanation cannot be in the mere purpose, for, in spite of narrow prejudices, many a novel with a purpose has been literature. Have the finer and stronger minds modestly shrunk from the difficulties, or have they been repelled by the subject? The one great exception is a success in literature because the novelist tested his theory by a keen knowledge of human nature, and, having drawn his plan true and fitting for certain circumstances, then reared the fabric of his story by the power of real imagination. But to the second-rate problem-story writers the theory is everything—so sufficing that it needs not even a literary exposition—while the narrative and characters are the mere sweets to make the theory palatable; and the writers would seem to be of opinion that it would be wasteful to use sweets of good quality for the purpose.

Since "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," Mr. Besant has given us no novel of such interest or such close workmanship as "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice" (Chatto). Lately his more weighty writing has gone into other fields than fiction, but here he gives us a complicated plot worked out with great skill, and an unusually large group of characters, each strongly individual. The hopeful claimants to the Burley millions that spring up suddenly from all the ends of the earth when the old miser dies, apparently intestate, without a known relative, are a lively and interesting company, that makes the way through the close-packed volume a pleasant one.

The East-End, as seen by one of its natives possessing a sense of humour and a fund of high spirits, describes Mr. Nevins's "Neighbour of Ours" (Arrowsmith). We have had philanthropic accounts of the quarter, and socialistic dreams of which it was the background, and pessimistic pictures of its horrors and sordidness. This is neither philanthropic nor socialistic nor pessimistic; it is only human. Whether it should all come from the mouth of one inhabitant, and in the Cockney speech, is a point of art needing consideration, perhaps; but, granting the method, the result is genial and amusing. The work, the play, the quarrels, the jealousies, the loves, the accidents of life in Millennium Buildings, Shadwell, make a queer mixed picture, but you oftener smile than groan over its details. One excellent consequence of receiving it in Cockney, from the mouth of that humorous lad Jacko, is that there is no attempt to improve the occasion or to theorise. He has a quick eye for a character, Jacko, and the chronicles of his neighbours form a comprehensive picture-gallery. Doubtless, in face of Mr. Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets," he will be accused of unthinking and immoral optimism; but, if Jacko has mostly a laugh in his eye, he tells the rough stories with the smooth.

Messrs. Dent are sending out their dainty little editions of the poets. The Burns selections have just reached me, and if anyone else's selections of Burns beside my own could please me, the one made by Mr. Rhys would satisfy. Somehow, in the pale, fragile green coat, Burns has an incongruous look, more so than the real man ever had in Edinburgh drawing-rooms, I am sure. If he is ever read in the boudoir, then he should be read in this edition. But should he ever appear at all save as a sturdy and ungenteel whole? In Burns's case selection always seems a cowardly process, though, from a poetic point of view, no one needs it more than he.

O. O.

IN MEMORY OF NELSON.

Strange as it may seem, no complete memorial of Lord Nelson exists at his birthplace, Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk. A hall has been built, and the church in which Nelson's father ministered, and in which the hero of Trafalgar was baptised, has been renovated; but the memorial is still incomplete, there being much to provide in the way of fittings and the like. The present is just the time to appeal to the generosity of the public to aid the work, for interest in the Navy is being aroused as it has not been for long. And how could this be done more appropriately than



WEST'S PORTRAIT OF NELSON.

in the apartments of the First Lord of the Admiralty, where Lord and Lady Spencer last week had a bazaar and exhibition of Nelson relics? The stall-holders at the bazaar were the Countess Spencer, the Countess of Clanwilliam, Viscountess Down, Lady Iveagh, and other ladies; and the principal contributors, in addition to the stall-holders, were Lord Nelson, Lady Dorothy Nevill, Admiral Fenwick, Captain Hope, the Royal United Service Institution, the King's Lynn Museum, and the Duke of York, who sent a visiting-card, inscribed, under date Oct. 21, 1805, "Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronté," encircled in a frame bearing the names "Nile," "Trafalgar," "Copenhagen." One of the most interesting exhibits was the register of baptisms of Burnham Thorpe Church, containing the entry, "Horatio, son of Edmund and Catherine Nelson; born, September 29; privately baptised, October 5; publicly, November 15, 1758." A marginal note is, irregularly but pardonably, inserted, "Invested with the ensigns of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, at St. James's, September 27, 1797; made Rear-Admiral, Blue, 1797; created Lord Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe, October 6, 1798. *Cætera enarret Fama.*"



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"My husband thought, as I did, that something must be done different from what was being

done. Just then our doctor came in and he too, it seemed, had made up his mind that something must be done, for he said—'I have decided to ask for counsel,' and requested my husband 'to choose any doctor he preferred to meet him in consultation.' He said further—'I have completely exhausted my skill in your case and really don't know what medicine to give you next.'

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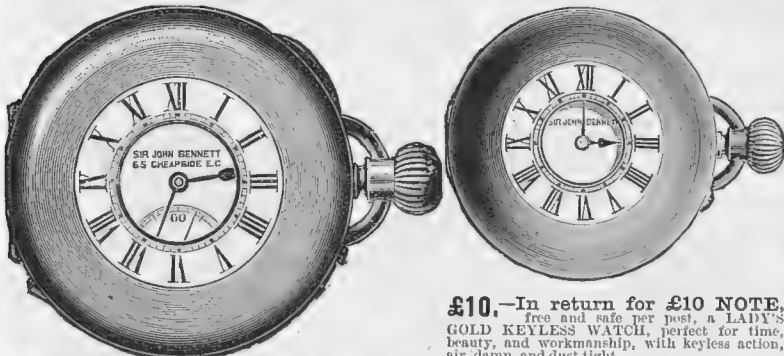
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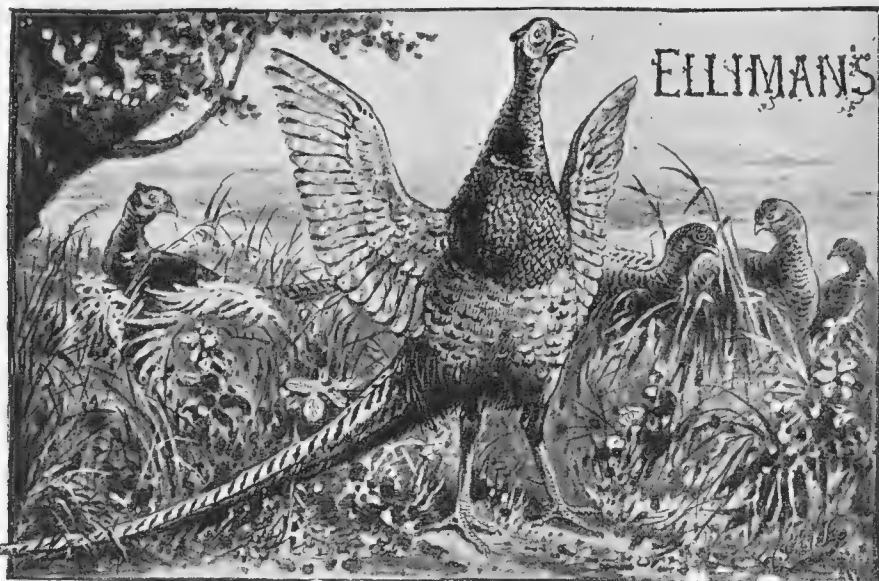
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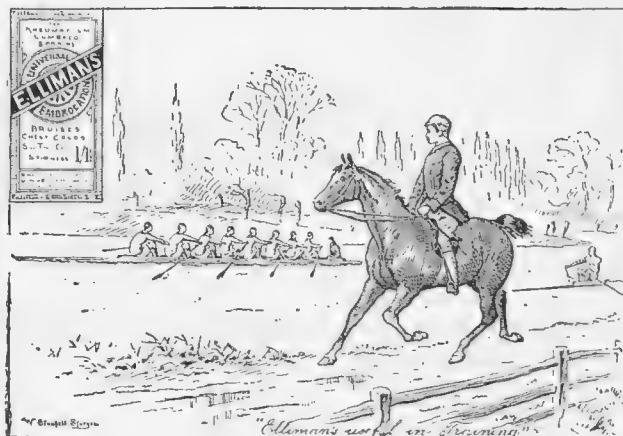
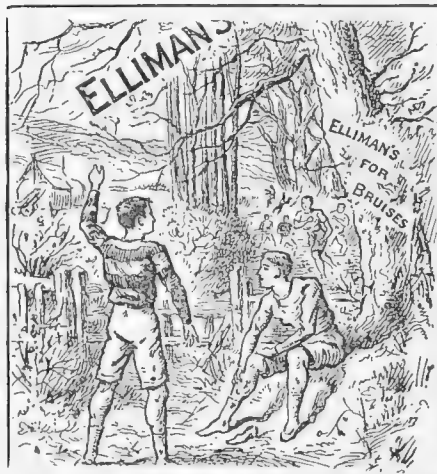
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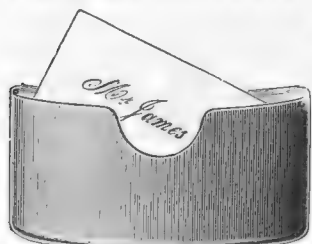
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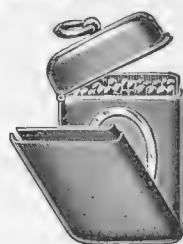
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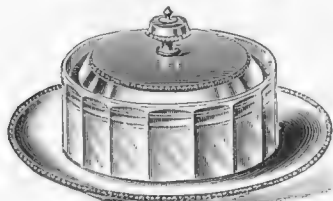
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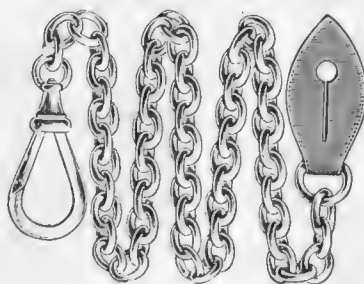
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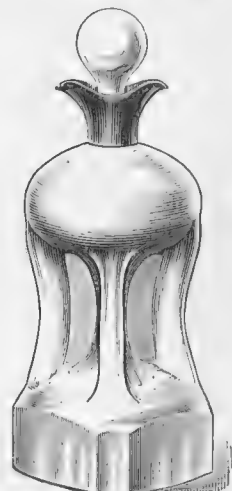
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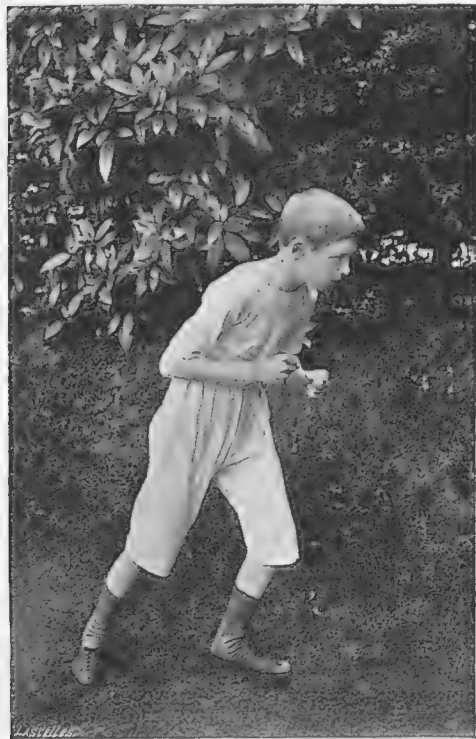


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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Footballers are a proverbially hardy race. They smile at rain, laugh at thunder and lightning, snap their fingers at the wildest gale that blows; but, in the presence of fog and frost, they pull long faces. Those who love to kick the flying ball have had excellent samples of all sorts of severe weather during the past six weeks. It is safe to say that not a single Cup-tie or International match has been played on suitable ground since the beginning of the year. The Amateur Cup Competition threatens to be ruined if the present weather continues, and the International Rugby match between Scotland and Wales has been postponed till next Saturday. The Rugby game has been practically at a standstill for the past month; a hundred games have been postponed in Yorkshire competitions alone, so that altogether the life of the footballer has not been quite a happy one.



MASTER ROLAND HAWKE.

The most extraordinary precautions were taken to bring off the match between Yorkshire and Devonshire in the Rugby County Championship.

A steam-roller was brought into the Plymouth ground, and a process of steaming the turf took place. After this, large quantities of finely sifted earth were pressed into the crevices of the ground, and, to crown all, two hundred open fires—"devils," they are called technically—were kept flaming day and night. It was a case of "Pull, devil! pull, Jack Frost!" and Jack had it. All round the fires the ground kept freezing, and, when the eventful day came, after the expenditure of over one hundred pounds, the ground looked and felt like a sheet of marble.

And yet one Rugby match of importance was brought off. The frost may not have been as keen at Leicester, or else their manner of protecting the ground may be more perfect, for Yorkshire and the Midland Counties managed to fulfil their fixture in the second stage of the championship. So far, the Yorks Fifteen are an undefeated team this season, but they had a terribly narrow escape at the hands of the Midlanders. Mr. (International) Baker (Oxford) scored a try for the Midlands in the first five minutes, and the Counties held this advantage in scoring, with an even greater advantage in play, until within three minutes of the finish, when the Yorkshiremen, by a desperate burst, scrambled over the Midland line, and made the match equal. The Midlands had hard luck in not being able to win, and, if the teams have to meet again, it is quite on the cards that the hitherto invincible Yorkshire team will be beaten. Messrs. Cattell and Tuke, who represent England and Ireland respectively at half-back, played a magnificent game for the Midlanders, and quite outshone their opponents, Messrs. Rigg and Wood. As matters now stand, Yorkshire and the Midland Counties tie for the championship. Each county has still to meet Cumberland, and, if both should win, as is likely, then the Midlands and Yorkshire will be joint champions, or they will require to meet again to decide which is to hold the honour. Of course, if Yorks ultimately play their postponed match with Devon, this will entirely alter the situation.

Never in the history of the competition has the League struggle been keener than it is this season. Sunderland and Everton for months now have been running a neck-and-neck race, and at the present time are practically on an equality, although Sunderland have played and won a match more. Any mistake by either of the leaders would now be fatal to their chances, and, if each were to lose a couple of their remaining matches, Aston Villa would still stand a chance of retaining the title of League champions. Much will depend upon how Everton may fare in their home match against Preston North End next Saturday. Like Sunderland, the Everton team have not been defeated on their own ground this year, and it is hardly likely that North End will be the first to do it. Sunderland are also at home next Saturday, and, as Sheffield United are their opponents, this match may be looked upon as a fairly safe thing for the League leaders. Aston Villa will have all their work cut out to defeat Burnley away from home, and Blackburn Rovers will probably lose a couple of points when they play the Wanderers at Wolverhampton.

GOLF.

Not only is the number of golf clubs in and around London legion, but their membership is positively startling. Among some of the largest may be mentioned Richmond, whose limit of five hundred members could possibly be doubled, and I understand that the Ranelagh Club is also full up with a membership of a thousand. Of course, the sudden and extraordinary growth of the game means a very large number of novices, and it is hardly surprising to be told that some of the beginners shape very badly. I hear that the tee of the first hole on the Ranelagh course is to be removed from its present rather public position to a more sequestered spot, where the novice can top his ball, heel it, miss it, or break his own or other people's shins to his heart's content without being exposed to the contemptuous criticism that has been so freely showered upon him by unsympathetic sightseers, who, knowing nothing of the difficulties of the game themselves, naturally think it is simple as A B C. Not yet can many of our London novices sing with a writer in *Golf*—

Hurrah! for the glorious hum of the ball
As it starts in its flight from the tee;
Well driven and true, far away will it fall
On those links by the side of the sea.
Long flourish the driver, the brassy, the creak!
Let those who are ignorant scoff;
We know that in life there is something to seek
Who have tasted the pleasures of Golf.
Then hey! for the swing of the club, my boys,
Sing oh! for the swing of the club;
Though the game has its trials as well as its joys,
And every green has its rub.

Ealing is one of the newest of London's golf clubs. The links, however, at Twyford Abbey are by no means new, in the sense that they have only recently been devoted to the game. The links are already, so far as the frost allows, in excellent condition, and the engagement of John Pearson, a professional from Bournemouth, to look after the greens as well as to coach members, ought to be a further attraction to intending members. Pearson, who was four years at the golf links at Brockenhurst, is a first-rate player, and holds the record of the Brockenhurst links with the fine score of 74 strokes. The club is being properly organised, and the first monthly medal competition will be held on Saturday, March 30, at Twyford Abbey.

CRICKET.

One of Mr. Stoddart's team, writing from Australia, tells me that, at the close of the second test-match between England and Australia, Brockwell, the Surrey cricketer, was presented by an admirer with a silver-mounted cricket-ball. It may be remembered that at a critical moment in the second test-match Brockwell went on to bowl, and, capturing three of the best wickets for a very few runs, practically gained the victory for England. No doubt Brockwell will cherish the gift as a memento of a feat as phenomenal as it was unexpected. In spite of his success with the ball two years ago, Brockwell does not in the least fancy himself as a trundler. Of course, that may be only his modest way of putting it; the fact remains that, when he seriously gave himself up to bowling, he came out at the head of the Surrey averages, just as he did when he gave himself up seriously to batting last season.

A growl was heard at the Australian Cricket Council when the letter of Mr. Perkins, the Hon. Secretary of the M.C.C., was read, intimating the change in the rule relating to the "follow-on." One member of the Australian Council said they ought not to accept this newly made law from England. It might suit the conditions of cricket in the Old Country, where a match was limited to three days; but in Australia, where every big match is played to a finish, the alteration suggested by the M.C.C. would not be an improvement on the Australian method which was adopted a year previously. The Australians made the rule optional, to the team leading by 120 runs on the first innings, either to go in themselves or to send in their opponents. In spite of the protest, however, the M.C.C. rule is to be given a fair trial. I notice that the last Australian team which visited this country was not a huge financial success. Each member of the team received one hundred and fifty pounds as his share of the gate-money, but it can hardly be said that it was accepted with thanks. Would it not be better in future for the Australian Council to take away the speculative character of these visits to England by guaranteeing each man a specific sum, as is done by Mr. Stoddart to his men now on tour?

ATHLETICS.

Our picture shows a young athlete in the position of starting for a sprint. Master Roland Hawke is a speedy little runner, and is said to be able to do 220 yards, with an allowance of 20, in 29 sec. As he is just thirteen years of age, we may hear of him later on as a runner of some repute. The photo we give is the work of Mrs. John Hawke, and his father is the well-known secretary of the Anti-Gambling League.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

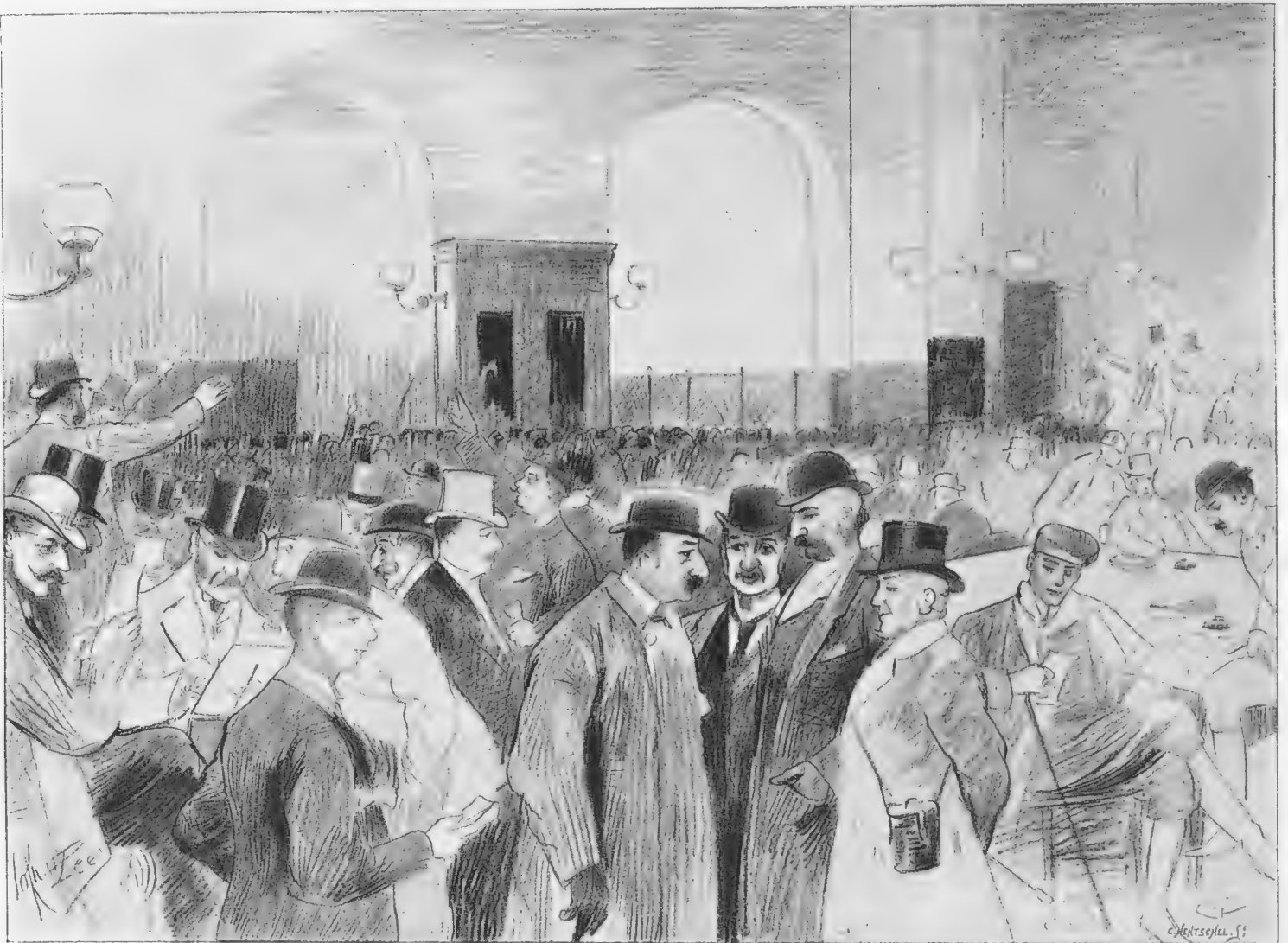
Tattersall's Subscription Room, a well-appointed rendezvous, is not the centre from which the betting quotations are now got for the papers—indeed, it is seldom we see any betting from Tattersall's. The rules governing the Rooms are very strict. For instance, Rule 5 says, "Any member causing any disturbance or creating any uproar in the Rooms forfeits his rights of membership." Some heavy settling takes place in the Rooms, and comparing is done here before big races. Members have the *entrée*—of course, on payment—to Tattersall's Ring at all race-meetings. The Committee of Tattersall's is a strong one, and the following form it, according to the latest published list, namely, the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Montrose, the Earl of Zetland, Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, the Earl of March, Marquess of Londonderry, Lord Gerard, Sir Robert Peel, Prince Soltykoff, Sir George Chetwynd, Colonel Robert Baring, Daniel Cooper, Colonel Fludyer, G. E. Paget, C. Perkins, W. M. Redfern, E. Clay Ker Seymer, and Major Gilbert Stirling.

The Newmarket Subscription Rooms are now carried on under a new arrangement. Very little betting takes place in them, and it is rare

I was asked the other day to write a paper on "Racing Dreams" for the Annual of the Thirteen Club, and, in searching through my private correspondence, I found that, in the past, a number of dreams had come off. But I also came across a damaging fact against the dream theory. It was this. Invariably my correspondents had dreamed different horses for the same race. For instance, on last year's City and Suburban I received from correspondents two dreams for Callistrate and one for Le Nicham, while one gentlemen sent to say he had dreamed three nights in succession that Grey Leg had won!

The late Mr. Day, the night before the Chester Cup was run, dreamt One Act won and W. Goater was second, after a good race, and that "I told him, after they passed the winning-post, that I thought I had won. He hastily replied, 'You know you have, and, walking up the course together, he said, 'You have done me out of the best stake I ever stood.' This dream I told to some ten or twelve gentlemen during breakfast next morning." The race was run, One Act won by a head from Yellow Girl, trained by W. Goater, and Day thought his filly first as the leading three dashed past the post, and, turning to the judge (Mr. R. Johnson), heard from him that One Act was victorious. "Strange to

W. I. Crane. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild.



Mr. Charles Hibbard.

Captain Machell.

Mat Dawson.

Lord Rosslyn.

Lord Cardross.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S IN THE JOCKEY CLUB ROOMS AT NEWMARKET ON THE EVE OF A GREAT RACE.

indeed to see a big muster of members either on the eve or the morning of a big race. Betting disputes are, as usual, decided by the Committee of the Rooms, but they try very few cases, as minor objections are heard by the Club Committees in London, whose award is generally held to be final. Thirty years ago it was possible to work a £30,000 commission in the Rooms at Newmarket; now it would be difficult to back a horse there to win £10,000 unless the animal happened to be one that Joe Thompson wanted to lay. Many of the leading owners are on the Committee.

There is a desire to support Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's best for the Lincoln Handicap, and from information received I think *Medicis* will be the selected one at the finish. But what price Sir J. Blundell Maple's best? I honestly think *The Owl* will be fit, but *Macready* is going great guns, and it must not be forgotten that *Percy Peck* has a sand track, which has been in use daily throughout the recent sharp snap.

The Duke and Duchess of York will this year often attend the leading race-meetings. Her Royal Highness is, as all the world knows, a lover of horses and dogs, and the Duke can follow the hounds quite as straight as any sailor in the land. Prince Adolphus of Teck and his wife will also honour the race-meetings with their presence, and the season about to commence is likely to be one of the most fashionable on record; and I think the Ascot of '95 will be one of the best of the series.

say, William Goater was standing by my side all the time, quite unobserved by me until, turning to meet the mare, I found myself face to face with him. We went to meet our respective horses, and he said, 'I stood more money on mine to-day than I ever stood before, and lost a large stake'—thus fulfilling my dream to the very letter."

Many of our invalid jockeys seem to improve in health while staying at Bournemouth, which is somewhat remarkable, as the popular South Coast watering resort is a very relaxing place, while I should have thought a bracing climate was needed for men who have previously done a lot of wasting. M. Cannon developed a large appetite while at Bournemouth, and, I am told, T. Loates much improved in health there. Loates, by-the-bye, is still strictly bound down in the matter of diet, and it will be many a long day before he will be able to tackle a beef-steak.

I am told a certain big bookmaker is willing to lay against *Cloister* for the Grand National. He argues that the horse could not stand a preparation last year, therefore he is not likely to this. However, if rumour did not lie, *Cloister* met with an accident to his back last year; but this did not, in any way, affect his soundness, and I cannot see what is to stop him in his work this season, unless he meets with another accident, which I hope will not happen, as the public will have nothing else for the race.

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TOUCHES
THE
SPOT.



Afflicted with Neuralgia, Lumbago, Paralysis, Convulsions, Bruises, Strained Muscles, Pains in Joints, Aches and Sprains, Eczema, Burns, Toothache, Faceache, Chilblains, Boils, Ulcers, Stings, Chaps, and all kindred ills and Complaints.

Only quite recently has this marvellous remedy been before the public. During this short time the marvellous cures that have been effected, and the shoals of important testimonials that have been received, have been absolutely unprecedented in the history of the world. Homoecea forms a medicine chest in itself, and is absolutely invaluable in every household.

"Homoecea" should be in every Cottage, Palace, Workshop, Barracks, Police-Station, Hospital, and Institution—and wherever a Pain-Relieving, Soothing, and Curative Lubricant is likely to be required. No discovery in the world of Healing Remedies has had such high testimony.

HOMOCEA

Cures
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For Chilblains, Chaps, Roughness, Red Noses, Coughs, and Colds in the Head, Homoecea stands unrivalled as a universal and permanent cure and preventative. The scantiest application generally gives relief.

CROUP is DANGEROUS

Sometimes *FATAL*

HOMOCEA

MINIMISES the RISK



SAVED BABY'S LIFE.

A LADY WRITES: "I have to thank you for the service of your valuable HOMOCEA, for I can testify with truth it saved the life of my dear baby. It had bronchitis and whooping cough severely after measles. . . . I sent for some, and rubbed it thoroughly on baby's chest, back, and soles of its feet, and in ten minutes the dear little lamb could take nourishment, and is now doing well."

A TESTIMONIAL.

From 13th Hussars.
Dundalk,
Feb. 1, 1895.

Sir,—Being in a Barrack-Room, and seeing the effect produced by using Homoecea, we have come to a united opinion that a testimonial from men whom it has done so much good is the least we can do for it. For myself, I have only used it for CHAPPED HANDS, and after using your Homoecea once there was no need for a repetition. Another man in the room, Pte. Dick, has been suffering from a SEVERE PAIN IN THE CHEST for over nine months—after using your Homoecea four times he had great relief, and after using one box he was thoroughly cured. Another man, Pte. Singleton, used it for PAINS IN THE BACK AND CHEST, and it cured him in less than a week. Another man, Pte. Stewart, has been suffering from a SEVERE COLD IN THE HEAD AND FACE, and had GREAT TROUBLE IN BREATHING—after using your Homoecea twice he could breathe quite freely, and in less than six days he was quite cured; in fact, I could mention a dozen cases in one squadron where it has produced marvellous cures; hoping that this will help to advertise your Homoecea,

We are, respectfully, Sir,

Pte. J. W. POLLARD.
Pte. G. STEWART.

Pte. JOHN DICK.
Pte. G. SINGLETON.

HOMOCEA

Is Safe, Sure, Simple, Speedy.

HOMOCEA is sold by Dealers in Medicine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or can be had direct from HOMOCEA CO., 21, HAMILTON SQUARE, BIRKENHEAD, post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Postal Orders preferred.

ABOUT SCIATICA.

Mrs. Alice Bradshaw, of 23, Waterloo Street, Lower Crumpsall, Manchester, under date of Nov. 28, 1893, sends us a written statement, with permission to publish the same should we think fit. She will please accept our thanks for both—the statement and the privilege of setting it before the public. We shall therefore proceed to quote from the paper point by point, making by the way such explanations and comments as in our judgment will tend to make the facts more clear and more useful to the reader.

Mrs. Bradshaw says: "In the spring of last year (1892) I experienced a dreadful attack of sciatica. I was suddenly taken with a piercing, cutting pain in the left hip, the pain extending to the ankle. In the calf of the leg it was most excruciating; indeed, it felt like a toothache from the hip all down the leg."

Now, if the reader had before him a chart or diagram of the nervous system, he would observe that, as a whole, it looks like a grape-vine, the main branch, or trunk, beginning at the base of the brain and running down the middle of the back. Then he would see that at the bottom of the spinal column this main branch or trunk divides into two parts, one running down either leg, sending out smaller branches as it goes. Well, the two latter are the hip nerves or sciatic nerves, and supply the legs with feeling and motion. What is called by the hard Greek name "sciatica" is, in plain English, hip rheumatism or hip gout—just as you please to term it.

There is no more mystery about it than there is about any other nerve pain, although it is worse than many because it attacks a larger nerve surface. When you have the same thing in the head you call it neuralgia; when in the heart you call it angina pectoris, or breast pang.

Mrs. Bradshaw continues: "I got no sleep or rest night or day, and my step was so uncertain that I could scarcely walk. At first I had the leg bandaged, rubbed, and blistered, and also used fomentations of herbs, but I got worse and worse."

What she did was correct as far as it went, but no outward application ever did or ever will go to the cause of sciatica and its kindred ailments. It is not thus to be got at.

"I saw a doctor," says the lady, "who gave me medicines; but he said nothing was likely to do me good, and advised me to go to Buxton and take the waters."

The doctor was quite right. By "nothing" he of course meant no ordinary local treatment. He knew that some thorough constitutional measures alone would be of any real avail. His advice was good, and his patient did well to follow it.

"In August 1892," she adds, "I went to Buxton Hospital and attended as an out-patient for three weeks. In September I was an indoor patient for three weeks more. After this I returned home much improved, the pain being less violent. Nevertheless I still suffered a great deal. I was obliged to lie down a good part of the day, and was easily fatigued. The grinding

pain was still severe, and I hobbled about (with difficulty), aided by a stick I had bought at Buxton.

"One day in October, whilst lying on the couch, I read in a small book that a case like mine had been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I began taking the Syrup, and in a week's time the pain was less severe. I kept on taking it, and soon *I could walk with ease, and the pain left and has not since returned.*"

The reader will kindly note that more than a year elapsed between the date of the recovery and the date of this statement, proving the reality of the cure. He will also read the last paragraph of Mrs. Bradshaw's paper carefully, as it contains the key to all the others.

"I may mention," she adds, "that for many years I suffered with indigestion, with pain after eating, acidity of the stomach, &c., and twelve years ago I had muscular rheumatism in the back. I think it was this that brought on the sciatica. Since taking Seigel's Syrup I have enjoyed the best of health. (Signed) Alice Bradshaw, wife of Mr. Thomas Bradshaw, grocer and provision dealer."

But a word more is needed. The indigestion and dyspepsia caused the rheumatism twelve years ago, and the poison remaining in the system, and increasing, at last attacked the great nerve of the hip and leg, producing sciatica. It is a plain tale of cause and effect from beginning to end. Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup expelled the poison, stopped the formation of more, and the effect ceased.

Are there no other sufferers in England to whom Mrs. Bradshaw's letter will prove valuable? Yes, thousands and thousands.

Telegram from Russia.

*Send to Anitchhoff Palace St
Petersburg immediately one dozen
Mariani Wine for H I M
Empress of Russia*

A subsequent letter, ordering a further supply of 50 bottles Mariani Wine, states that H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia has derived the greatest benefit from its use.

Mariani Wine fortifies, nourishes, and stimulates the Body and Brain. It restores Health, Strength, Energy and Vitality.

Bottles, 4s.; dozen, 45s., of Chemists and Stores, or carriage paid from Wilcox and Co., 239, Oxford Street, London.

Extract from COURT JOURNAL, January 12, 1895.

"The producers of 'Mariani Wine' should, according to report, soon have a splendid market in Russia for their nerve and brain tonic, as the Dowager Empress has, at the suggestion of the Princess of Wales, drunk it since the death of her Consort with the most remarkable and beneficial results. It seems that Her Majesty is one of the many delicate persons with whom stimulating drugs like quinine,

iron, and Peruvian bark disagree, but such is not the case with the wine tonic referred to. It is well-known that the Princess of Wales also derived increased strength of brains and nerves from it during her last great trials. Moreover, in consequence of the benefits obtained by the Empress, a great demand for this tonic has sprung up among ladies of the Russian aristocracy suffering from 'nerves.'"

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The way in which the debate on the Address has spun itself out is really rather remarkable, when one considers that the delay is due entirely to "supporters" of the Government. It has gone on for a fortnight, the last two days of which only have been devoted to the direct vote of censure moved by the Opposition leaders. Even the *Daily News* was moved last week to call it "a common nuisance." But it will be well to remember, when the inevitable charge of obstruction is made, as it is sure to be made, against the Opposition, who it was that brought about this "common nuisance." The whole of last week, before Mr. Chamberlain was able to move his amendment, was wasted by Radicals or Irishmen. The Unemployed question came first; why should so much time have been spent in talking about that, when the Government had already announced that a Committee would be appointed to discuss the whole matter? Then came Mr. Redmond with his appeal for a dissolution; the Opposition, at any rate, are not responsible for these Parnellites, whom the Government's own cowardice has driven to revolt. Then came Mr. Naoroji, with an utterly superfluous and impertinent motion about India. And, finally, for two whole days, Wednesday and Thursday, the Anti-Parnellites themselves wasted the time of the House by dishing-up Amnesty, a subject on which they know that their "allies" are committed to a policy from which the Government could not recede without the resignations of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Morley, and, with them, the break-up of the Government itself. For sheer obstruction, commend me to Mr. Sexton's persistence in so adjourning the debate on Wednesday that Mr. Chamberlain's amendment could not come on till Friday. And then, on Thursday, three hours were spent by Mr. Harrington in an appeal for a fresh inquiry into the Maamtrasna murders, committed thirteen years ago—an inquiry which Mr. Morley weakly granted, though the appeal and the consent might just as well have been made outside the scope of debate altogether.

HOW THE CHICKENS COME HOME.

This Amnesty debate, however, was interesting enough, if only as showing how the promises made by the Separatists in Opposition are brought up against them by their Irish allies now. Those chickens are coming home to roost. Mr. Morley's pledge in the Leinster Hall cannot quite be explained away. He then spoke about an amnesty for Irishmen as on a par with the amnesty for French Communards. Now, he says, he was not thinking of the dynamitards. We must believe "honest John's" word as far as we can, but the Irishmen themselves at the time all thought he referred to the dynamitards; so did we, and, as Mr. R. Wallace neatly put it, "the Chief Secretary is master of his own meaning, but not of the principles of deductive logic." But Mr. Sexton put Mr. Morley in an even more awkward hole, for he obtained from him, in debate, the admission that an amnesty would be a proper part of the grant of Home Rule. "But," cried Mr. Sexton, "you have passed Home Rule through the House of Commons; therefore, if it is only the House of Lords who have rejected it, it is the Peers, and not you, who are allowed to exercise the prerogative of mercy!" Of course, from a Conservative point of view, this is another feather in the cap of the House of Lords. If the House of Lords alone stands, by the confession of the Chief Secretary, between us and the release of these execrable rascals, the dynamitards, the fiends from whom we have been so happily protected by the strong measures taken against them, then the House of Lords is even more the saving institution of this country than was supposed. Mr. Morley's argument, of course, is absolutely inconsistent with that of Mr. Asquith, but that is of no consequence! However, Mr. Morley's weakness on this point rather discounts his protestations about the Leinster Hall speech. As a matter of fact, I have very good reason to believe that Mr. Morley's horror of the dynamitards would not prevent his doing his best to release them now, were it not that Mr. Asquith blocks the way. The firmness of the Home Secretary on this question deserves the hearty recognition of Conservatives. He has simply set his back to the wall, and declared quite firmly to the Cabinet that he will resign rather than give way.

A WARNING FROM UGANDA.

The instructive little debate in the House of Lords on Uganda must not be forgotten. Lord Stanmore, who initiated the discussion, is, nominally, one of Lord Rosebery's supporters, and it is notorious that in his plea for action in East Africa he represents the Imperialist section of the Cabinet, who, on this point, are still blocked by the Radicals who follow Sir William Harcourt. It is more than a year since Lord Rosebery spoke hopefully of constructing the railway from Mombasa, but nothing has been done; and this debate showed that, serious as both Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery regard the delay from the point of view of our Imperial interests, yet nothing is likely to be done until or unless our hands are forced. The serious side of the situation is that, while the Government are still haggling about the price to be paid to the British East Africa Company, France, Germany, and Italy are all pushing on their preparations for "bagging" such provinces in the Equatorial regions as they can show claims to by military occupation. France is feverishly pushing towards these Upper Nile stretches, and, if we do not look out, we shall find ourselves practically forestalled while we are still debating. This was one of Mr. Rhodes's strongest fears and warnings when he was over here; for, if we allow any of these foreign countries to annex the Equatorial provinces, it will be difficult to dislodge them, and then the "Cape to Cairo" line will be permanently obstructed. That is the worst of having a Radical crew in office.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

The week in Parliament has been one of sham fights, excursions, and alarms. The Government is not turned out, and is not likely to be turned out for the present. Indeed, the rather bad tactics of the Tory and Unionist chief, combined with the follies of the Redmondite faction, have left it appreciably stronger than it was before. Rumour had it that the policy of forcing divisions on all sorts of subjects has its author in Mr. Chamberlain, and that Mr. Balfour is not altogether converted to the idea of turning out the Government neck and crop at the first opportunity, or the second or the third, that offers. However, it looks as if the Tories were being led, whether their leader absolutely wills it or no, at the heels of the Member for West Birmingham. Certainly the coalition with Mr. Redmond was not a particularly scrupulous move; its only justification could be that the Opposition want the Government out at all costs. As it happened, it solidified their following, and gave them a majority considerably over the minimum, which is now ten or twelve, and rather upset similar little games for the future.

THE TORY-REDMONDITE ALLIANCE.

Nor was this curious cross of Toryism and Fenianism very cleverly managed. Mr. Redmond has, perhaps, a little, though only a little, of his old chief's strength of character and rather mysterious personality. He is a much better speaker, his style of elocution is rounded and fluent, his voice is good, and, though his matter is a little commonplace, it is always well argued. He has a good face, too, with a firm mouth, a thin, hooked nose, broad forehead, and clear eyes—massive, on the whole, and perhaps a little Napoleonic. But behind this mask of originality and resolution I am not sure that the true Mr. Redmond represents an especially powerful personality. However, he has his game to play, and he plays it pretty steadily as a rule. His enemies are not the Government, but his fellow-Nationalists, who are seeking to drive him out of public life, and whom he, in his turn, desires to drive out. That is the real battle that is going on on the green benches and on the green hills—the rest is mere make-belief. The purport of Mr. Redmond's speech was clear enough—Home Rule was sinking into the background, and had especially receded under Lord Rosebery, and was being smothered up under other questions. Of course, there is some surface truth in this, though Mr. Redmond exaggerated it for his own purposes. Mr. Morley replied very well—not very brilliantly in point of form, for this splendid platform-orator seems nervous and confused in the House of Commons, but with good tactical effect. He taunted the Tories with alliance with the extreme Irishmen, asked what was to be the price of the Redmondite votes, and strongly renewed the Liberal allegiance to Home Rule as the pivot of the Government's policy.

MR. BALFOUR'S FENCING.

All this put Mr. Balfour in a rather awkward position. He had made up his mind to go into the lobby with Mr. Redmond, and to allow his party to be whipped by a couple of "criminal conspirators." But he had also to make it clear that, though he was taking something from the Redmondites, he was giving them nothing in return. He did this with a certain cynical completeness which made the Parnellites rather crest-fallen. But it was, nevertheless, a rather striking piece of tactics. "I am," he said, in effect, "the Balfour of 1887. I am against Home Rule, in favour of Coercion. I have nothing to give these gentlemen in return for their votes. I go with them for the moment, because I want a dissolution, and will get it by any means I can." This was not particularly high-minded, but it rescued the Tories from the odium of an understanding with the Irish extremists. But I do not think the party voted willingly; and certainly the result of the division, a majority of twenty for the Government, rather discounted the forcing tactics.

THE "UNEMPLOYED" COMMITTEE.

Meanwhile the Government have made another score, though not exactly of their own will. They have got together a very good Committee on the Unemployed, sympathetic, and with a very good knowledge of the subject. I say "they have got together," but I am speaking not of the Tory members, but of the Liberal and Labour members. The Tory selection is about as bad as bad could be. It includes some of the most unsympathetic and worst-informed among the old Tories, and no element of progress. At the same time, I suspect that the chief interest of the Committee will be the development of the hostile views entertained by Mr. Burns on the one hand and Mr. Keir Hardie on the other. Mr. Burns does not share the dangerous views about the unemployed which Mr. Keir Hardie now and then airs. If Mr. Hardie had his way, we should be pauperising working-men by the thousand, and dragging honest, industrious men down to the level of the loafer. Mr. Burns, on the other hand, will have nothing to say to such hopeless fads as municipal workshops, labour colonies, and the like. So it would be not at all surprising if we were to have a very interesting set-to between the exponents of the sounder form of Socialism as against an utterly unsound and dangerous one.

At the Thirteen Club Cinderella, held on "Saynte Valentyne's Eve"—to quote the programme—at the Holborn Restaurant, there was a "Danse l'antastique of Witches" with scenic effects (very lurid lime-light, in good sooth), which elicited much applause. But then the witches were young, and, though they carried brooms and wore peacocks' feathers, charming enough to suit the most exacting wizard. The wizards, by the way, wore black dominoes, and danced most energetically. No looking-glasses were broken or coffins introduced in any shape.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS IN THE NEW ST. JAMES'S PIECE.

Only two out of the four female characters in "The Importance of Being Earnest" can, owing to the exigencies of the piece, indulge in smart gowns, but these two—in the persons of Miss Rose Leclercq and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, in themselves the respective personifications of stately and piquant smartness—make up for this fact by the perfection of the

gowns in which they appear. As Lady Bracknell, for instance, Miss Leclercq has two elaborate costumes—confections of the Maison Jay, by the way—the first of golden-brown velvet, with plain, full skirt, and a deep and very full cape of the same material, arranged in a wide box-pleat at the back, and bordered in front, and at the sides with a deep flounce of magnificent creamy-hued lace, put on quite plain, in order to show off the beauty of the design, and headed by a narrow band of sable. It has a great ruffled collar of black accordion-pleated chiffon, and is adorned in front with rosettes of black satin ribbon, in each of which flashes a paste button. A bonnet with a crown of gold sequins, studded with gold cabochons and surrounded by tiny, gracefully curving black ostrich tips and clusters of pink roses, completes the costume worn in the first Act. For the third, Miss Leclercq has a gown of dark-green silk, striped diagonally with narrow lines of dark petunia satin, and brocaded with a chiné design of pale-pink roses and

blue forget-me-nots. The bodice has a box-pleated vest of turquoise-blue velvet, softened at the sides and neck by draperies of old lace, and worn with a cape of petunia velvet lined with turquoise-blue satin, and with a neck-ruffle of black accordion-pleated chiffon, continued in cascade frills down the front. The bonnet is this time of turquoise-blue velvet, trimmed with lace wings, a white Paradise osprey, and masses of full-blown pink roses.

Then comes the turn of Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who, as the Honourable Gwendolen Fairfax, beats even her own previous record for smartness, with two gowns which are altogether *chic* and original. The first, worn in Act I., has a plain, perfectly hanging skirt of pale-yellow and blue-striped silk, with a faint *moiré* design running through it, the broad pleat in which it is arranged at the back being finished at each side with a short and graduated pleated frill of pale cornflower-blue velvet, which has a very novel effect. The bodice is made in front in a broad box-pleat ornamented with sundry cut-steel buttons, while at each side there is a double pleated frill of velvet, which takes up the position of the more ordinary revers. The sleeves are, of course, fashionably huge as to their dimensions, and are caught in just above the elbow with two velvet tabs fastened with steel buttons; the collar, also, of velvet, being tied at the back with a big bow of black satin. But it is on the cape that your admiration will, I think, be chiefly expended, and, indeed, it is lovely enough to be stored up in the mental chamber reserved for the pretty things we are hoping to wear if the mild spring weather ever does deign to put in an appearance. This cape, then, which is short and full, is of the blue velvet, turned back in front—to show the box-pleated front of the bodice—with pointed revers of yellow velvet, embroidered with steel and blue sequins, over other revers of pearly grey satin, covered with fine black lace. These revers are continued at the back in the form of a deep rounded collar, and the whole effect is lovely. Miss Vanbrugh's hat also is too pretty to be omitted, composed, as it is, of black straw, with a full crown of blue velvet, and, for trimming, bunches of yellow cowslips and shaded blue cornflowers.

If anything could be more charming, it would only be the dress

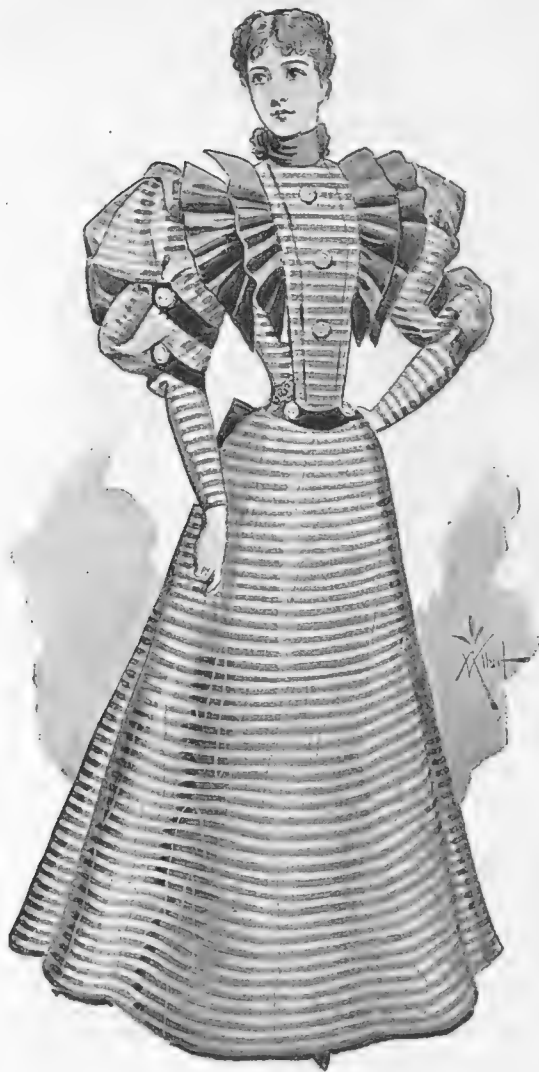
which Miss Vanbrugh wears in Acts II. and III. The full skirt and sleeves are fashioned of white chiné silk, brocaded with irregular wreaths of flowers in a pale shade of violet, and the bodice is of white silk, covered with white lace, and having a waistband of white glacé silk, tied in front in the smartest of square bows, the double ends standing out at each side. The collar, with its double rosettes at the back, is of violet velvet, and there are other rosettes on the sleeves; while over the shoulders fall capes of violet silk, covered with white openwork embroidery and cut out in three square battlements, fastened at the sides, both at the back and in the front, with three paste buttons. For finishing touches, imagine a hat of the darkest violet straw, bedecked with a white osprey and an encircling wreath of white lilac and convolvulus and dark-hued violets, and a white chiffon and lace sunshade, with a band of embroidery in violet silk, the handle bearing a dainty burden of pink roses.

This frivolous, dainty figure is, I can assure you, in most striking contrast to the serene and simple beauty of Miss Evelyn Millard, who, clad in a gown of white silk-striped *crêpon*, tied round the waist with a broad white silk sash, and with transparent yoke and cuffs of muslin and insertion, and rose-trimmed Leghorn hat, seems altogether in keeping with the exquisite garden-scene in Act II., which is truly one of the triumphs of scenic art. So there is the tale of the gowns in the latest St. James's success; and now I must give a word to the very effective ball-dress which Miss Elliott Page wears in the little first piece, "In the season." The skirt is of black satin, and the corselet bodice opens in deep V-form both at the back and in the front, over a vest of gathered white chiffon sewn thickly with steel paillettes, the square-cut décolletage being softened by a full ruching of the same soft fabric. The full sleeves of chiffon fall open at the sides, to show a glimpse of the arm between, and are caught together again above the elbow with two pink roses, closely set trails of the same flowers passing over the shoulders. A narrow band of fine steel embroidery outlines the satin corselet, and accentuates the good effect which its cleverly arranged lines have upon the figure; and altogether, Miss Elliott Page, with her bouquet of pink clove-carnations, makes a very pretty picture in this gown.

The dress which attracted most attention off the stage on the first night was undoubtedly that worn by a beautiful dark-haired and dark-eyed woman, and which, with a skirt of turquoise-blue satin, had a bodice of pink mirror velvet, the square-cut corsage outlined with a band of dark fur, and the great puffed sleeves sewn over with gold sequins. A loose bunch of lilies-of-the-valley was fastened in the front of the bodice, and I can assure you that the box in which sat the wearer of this gown was the cynosure of a good many feminine as well as masculine eyes. Only one ermine cape did I see, and for that I was by no means sorry; but in the stalls alone there were no less than three green velvet cloaks, all having deep capes of magnificent lace, but one being trimmed with sable, the second with chinchilla, and the third with white Thibet fur. Certainly they were wonderfully effective, and after them I did not care much for Mrs. Bernard Beere's crimson velvet cloak with gold-embroidered cap. One of the prettiest girlish dresses was of pale-pink satin, the bodice trimmed with touches of old lace and bunches of dark violets; and I just caught a glimpse of Mrs. George Alexander (who sat well back in her box) in a plain but perfectly cut gown of dark-hued velvet, with diamonds in her hair by way of relief, and a bouquet of pink tulips and lilies of the valley. The Misses Vanbrugh watched their sister from a top box, one in a gown of rose-pink silk veiled with white accordion-pleated chiffon, and the other (Mrs. Arthur Bourchier) in *cau-de-Nil* chiffon, also accordion-pleated.

But now to matters of even more serious import than dress, for of what avail are the smartest of gowns if the vagaries of the Clerk of the

[Continued on page 213.]



MADAME FAREY,

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Smart Hats and Bonnets, 21/-
Smart Aigrettes for the Hair, 2/9

"A CHARMING SCENT."

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KARSWOOD HAIR DYE

Easy to apply. One Liquid. Clean
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Absolutely FAST.
Pronounced by those who use it as
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Gentleman to use.

BLONDE, BROWN, BLACK.
Bottles, 2/6, 5/6, 10/6.
During the present month the
2/6 bottles will be sent post free
for 2/3, 5/6 for 4/9, and 10/6 for 9/-.
Wholesale: HOVENDE & SONS,
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ONE BOX OF
DR. MACKENZIE'S IMPROVED
HARMLESS ARSENIC WAFERS

will produce the most lovely complexion that the
imagination could desire. Clear, Fresh, freed from
Blotch, Blemish, Coarseness, Redness, Freckles, or
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To whiten the hands and skin, use

DR. MACKENZIE'S ARSENIC TOILET SOAP.
1s. per Tablet; 3 for 2s. 6d.; postage 3d.
S. HARVEY, 12, Gaskarth Road, Balham Hill, London,
S.W. Beware of injurious imitations.

"Lanoline"

Highest Award at Chicago '93

Prepared from the purified fat
of lamb's Wool, is similar to
the fat of the human skin and
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Toilet "Lanoline"



6d. & 1/- A soothing emol-
lient for health and beauty
of the skin. For the com-
plexion. Prevents wrinkles
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"Lanoline" Toilet Soap.

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6d. and 1/- Renders the
most sensitive skin healthy,
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Nourishes, invigorates and—
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Absolutely the Best Dentifrice one can use
Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, Sweetens
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ROWLAND'S ODONTO,
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gritty imitations which ruin the teeth.

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The Antiseptic Saline for the Bath & Toilet Water
IMMEDIATELY SOFTENS HARD WATER.

Refreshing & Invigorating. Delightful to the Skin.
Prepared by COSMOSINE CO., Granby Row,
Manchester. Order through Chemists, Perfumer
or Stores Everywhere. Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d.

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DR. HORN'S "ACESMA" quickly restor
the colour to grey, faded, or bleached
hair. Does not stain the skin. 2/9 and
5/- per bottle.

DR. HORN'S "GERMANIA HAIR
Tonic" for thin or falling hair.
Promotes luxuriant growth. Very
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DR. HORN'S "HAIR SOLVENT."
A liquid for destroying superfluous
hair. Leaves no mark. Better than
Electrolysis. 2/9 and 5/- per bottle.

DR. HORN'S SKIN FOOD FOR THE
COMPLEXION. A cure for wrinkles,
roughness, irritation, and all blem-
ishes of the skin. Price 2/9, 5/-, and
10/- Of Chemists and Perfumers,
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N.B.—Any preparation post free.

Read Dr. Horn's Treatise, "THE
HUMAN HAIR," post free, 6d. Hair 5ft. 2in. long.

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SMELLING BOTTLE.**
Cures Cold in the Head, cures Nervous
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A Scent of Rare Fragrance. A very echo of Nature.

The only Violet Perfume which
is really like the flower itself. It
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pleasant odours behind, such as
Patchouli, Musk,
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"RHINE VIOLET"
SACHETS,
2s. 6d. each.

3s., 5s. 6d., 9s., 20s.,
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In order to obtain the
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OF MOST DEALERS IN
FIRST-CLASS
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"RHINE
VIOLET" SOAP,
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FOR
INFANTS
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INVALIDS

"Clarice Villa,
" Grove Road,
" Fareham,
" December 6, 1894.
" Mr. G. Mellin,
" Dear Sir,—I have
much pleasure in enclos-
ing a photo of our baby
boy, Harold Montague,
taken at the age of ten
months. Since he was
three months old he has
been fed entirely on
Mellin's Food, and is
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in perfect health, and
is considered by all our
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" Yours faithfully,
" HUBERT L.
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OF COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES.
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The Safest and Best Tonic for Children.
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Samples, Pamphlet and Prospectus post free on application to—
MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, Stafford St., PECKHAM, S.E.



Won't Wash Clothes.

Won't Wash Clothes.

FOR CLEANING, SCOURING AND SCRUBBING FLOORS AND KITCHEN TABLES, LINOLEUM AND OILCLOTHS.

For Polishing Metals, Marble, Paint, Cutlery, Crockery, Machinery, Baths, Stair-Rods.

FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c. REMOVES RUST, DIRT STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

Weather have nipped our faces and reddened our noses and generally spoiled our complexions? So I know that, the matter being one which appeals to every woman, you will spare me a few more seconds while I recount to you one of the ways and means by which you can rise superior to the changes and chances of this most trying of climates, and come out with an unblemished skin, let the temperature be what it may.

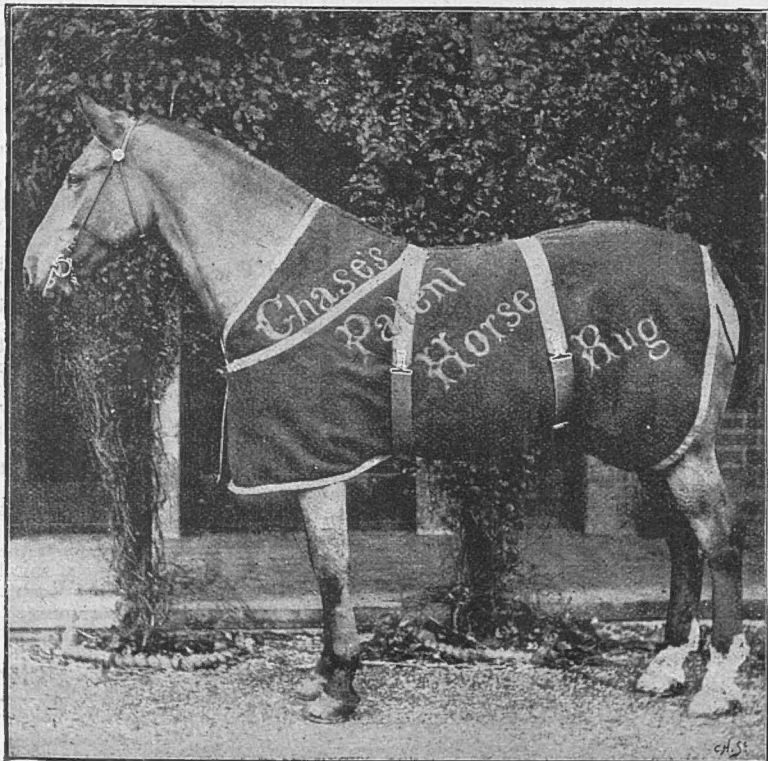


In toilet-preparations anything Parisian has always a special attraction—I know it has to me—and, among the most famous Parisian specialties, those bearing the name of Simon as maker are among the most famous, as I dare say the majority of you know. There is “Crème Simon,” a particularly soothing and softening application, which has a unique and indescribable fragrance to add to its attractions; “Poudre Simon,” which is everything a powder should be—free from bismuth, invisible, and yet adherent; and, lastly, “Savon à la Crème Simon,” a most delightful soap, which, with its soft, creamy lather, is a perfect pleasure to use, and which has a wonderfully beneficial effect upon the skin. So, you see, it is our own fault if, with the means ready to our hands—all chemists and perfumers keep the “Simon”

preparations, and his Paris address, for the benefit of visitors to that fascinating city, is 13, Rue Grange Batelière—we do not make the best of ourselves, and preserve and beautify our complexions, in spite of the would-be damaging effects of frosts and bitter winds. FLORENCE.

A NEW HORSE-RUG.

The welfare of the horse, as indeed of most domestic animals, is yearly becoming a matter of increasing attention. One of the latest efforts to secure this is the adjustable English rug, introduced by Messrs. L. C. Chase and Co., of Boston, U.S.A. The largest horse-clothing and travelling-rug manufacturers in the world, they have opened a European agency, selecting the Geddes Manufacturing Company, of Red Lion Square, E.C., as their representatives. Notable among their novelties is their new rug. It consists of a method of securing the rug on to the horse in such a way that there is no possibility of its coming off in the stable and getting under the horse's feet, as is the case with the old-fashioned rug, with which a roller has to be used; this is accomplished by the use of two extra-strong surcingles or rollers permanently fixed on to the rug, thereby forming extra stays, and also by an adjustable neck which makes it a perfect-fitting rug for either a large or a small horse. These rugs are extra-large, strong, and are as cheap as a good roller.



LADIES AS VOLUNTEERS.

Apropos of the distribution of long-service medals to Volunteers, the accompanying curious picture is very interesting. It appeared at the time, 1859, when the Volunteer movement was being started. Enthusiasm ran high, and a piece of music, from the pen of Mr. Charles Hodgson, appeared, with the curious frontispiece here reproduced, and words by J. E. Carpenter, as follows—

The scarlet coat, the jacket blue, old England's heroes wear;
When these we view we own 'tis true the brave deserve the fair;
But when we've seen the rifle-green in which our beaux appear,
Who'll then refuse her heart to lose to the Rifle Volunteer? . . .



The war would very soon be o'er did we reject our beaux
Unless they joined a rifle corps to keep away our foes.
On each and all, then, now we call; if they show coward fear,
We'll form a club the foe to drub—we girls will volunteer.

So the proposal for a Ladies' Volunteer Corps is not a thing of yesterday.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING OSCAR.

It cannot be made a reproach against English people (writes a correspondent) that they are unduly influenced by the Press. In theatrical matters especially they show a resolute determination to judge for themselves. Vainly, in various instances, have the critics endeavoured to silence, by their whispers, wild shouts of applause, or to scold the Public into going to see a play it does not fancy. But the Public is a very curious thing; it is sometimes perverse, and even obstinate, and it has evidently made up its mind to like the plays of Mr. Oscar Wilde.

The play at present being given at the Haymarket is a great success, notwithstanding the fact that its point and object have not been entirely understood: I mean the overthrowing of the contemporary fad about the disproportionate value of woman in modern life. “A man's life,” says Lord Goring, in “An Ideal Husband,” “is more important than a woman's; it has a wider scope, larger issues, higher ambitions. A woman's life revolves in curves of emotion: it is on the straight lines of the intellect that a man's life progresses. . . . If you can keep a man's love, and love him in return, you have done all that we ask of woman.” Thus Mr. Wilde places the newest woman in a very charming atmosphere of softness, of gentleness, of forgiveness. And are these not her *raison d'être*? He has shown that, as a man can love, knowing every fault and folly of a woman—loving her, it may be, for these faults and follies the better—so might she also love without idealising him, without trying so vainly to deprive him of his natural sins. After the first shock of knowing her husband doomed to disgrace and exposure, we see Lady Chiltern by his side in sympathising fellowship, ready to mourn with his sorrow, but not to reproach him with his fault. “The Importance of being Earnest,” again, is deliciously, airily irresponsible: an extraordinary sustained effort of wit and humour. In brilliant dialogue Mr. Wilde is without a rival; and how versatile an artist he is! Not only a poet, an essayist, a novelist, “an amateur of beautiful things and a dilettante of things delightful,” but one of the most brilliant playwrights of modern times. Why carp at “improbability” in what is confessedly the merest delicate bubble of fancy? Why not acknowledge, honestly, a debt of gratitude to one who adds so unmistakably to the gaiety of the nation?

When called before the curtain, with almost uproarious applause, at the St. James's on Thursday night, Mr. Wilde must assuredly have felt, with a subtle enjoyment, all the Importance of being Oscar.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Feb. 16, 1895.

The Yankees have determined on a fresh stop-gap, and in the coming week you may expect the new bond issue, repayable in "coin." The whole thing, including the contract with Messrs. Rothschild and Morgan, is an attempt to evade the economic laws by stringent provisions, supposed to ensure the carrying of gold from one country which possesses it to another which can't keep it; and, like every attempt of the same kind, will, in the end, do more harm than good. It is very amusing to see grown-up men like President Cleveland refusing to be taught by the experience of ages; but then the idea is all so Yankee, you know! How Messrs. Rothschild must have laughed in their sleeves when the contract was being drawn, for they, at least, are fully aware of the futile nature of the restrictive provisions. The shipping companies, of course, will make a little on freight, and a bit more when the gold returns from whence it came, as it is certain to do, under the admirable law which allows me to take silver in at one door of the Washington Treasury and come away laden with gold at the other.

The Bank return shows strength, and there is well over a million in specie on its way to our shores.

Home Rails have varied from strength to weakness and back again to strength in a curious way, and it is very remarkable to note the varied estimates of the future held by the chairmen of the respective lines. Until the weather moderates, of course, nothing but bad traffics can be expected, but the present dull times won't last for ever. For those who like Home Rails, we still advise Highland Railway ordinary and North-Eastern consols as solid investments.

A scheme is on foot for the consolidation or unification of the whole Argentine debt, upon a 4 per cent. basis, with special bonuses to the privileged loans, but whether it will go through seems to us very doubtful; meanwhile, the position on the River Plate is steadily mending, and would show a rapid improvement if the price of wool, corn, and all the other staple products were not so ruinously low. Central Argentine ordinary stock, to which we called attention a few weeks ago, has risen three or four points on large traffic-increases, and the debenture stock of the Argentine Great Western Railway is well worth picking up.

Holders of Grand Trunk securities have had a dreadful week, but you will not have been surprised at it. The position gets more unsatisfactory every day, and, for people who cannot afford to risk anything, it is high time to clear out. The shareholders have submitted to Tyler rule so long that they have only themselves to thank for the mess they find the property in; and, until the inevitable receivership overtakes the road, there is little hope of any radical change.

There is no doubt that our Breweries are in for a good year, and the ordinary shares of the sound concerns should prove remunerative. All material is excessively cheap, and the owner of a private brewery, talking to us last week, said that he was buying barley 30 per cent. cheaper than this time last year, and hops 50 per cent. cheaper. When you consider what this means to large concerns, you will appreciate the increase of profit which the current year ought to show. For people looking out to find reasonable industrial shares, with a prospect of improving profits, things like Lion Brewery, Tamplin and Sons, and Nalder and Collyer ordinary shares, present, in our opinion, an excellent opportunity.

The Mining Market, which opened on Monday with a dull tone, picked up immediately after making-up prices were fixed, and, stimulated by further Paris buying, the week has finished up well. The settlement disclosed that a very heavy business had been done during the last account, and it is said that transfers were carried into one company for half the total shares of the mine. Whatever the immediate course of prices, if the public will confine their attention to really first-class concerns, and allow the outside brokers to puff in vain the cheap rubbish which they find so profitable, we think buyers, at even the present level, will have little cause to repent their investments in the long run. Wolhuters, which we have been buying for you, have improved quite a half, while the market remains good for most of our other favourite stocks. Again we have received very good accounts of Knight's, where the development work in progress is making, it is said, a fine show.

There has been a great demand for St. Augustine Diamond shares, at prices ranging up to nine shillings; and, but for the buying-orders coming from the Cape, we should have put it down as a "rig." It is said that over thirty-two thousand shares were bought in two days. Both De Beers and Jagersfontein shares have been in demand, and the price has risen upon more or less circumstantial stories of good trade being done in the raw material. For those who want 5 per cent. on their money, with practically very little risk, there are many worse investments than De Beers debentures, which we have always considered a by no means bad second-class security. Among the cheap gambles, Potchefstroom, at about seven shillings and threepence, and Zapopan, at a trifle less, present possibilities of making money for those who are willing to run considerable risk on the chance of a large profit.

The Ben Evans issue has gone very well, various estimates making the public subscriptions from three to five times the required amount. Just now the public temper is very uncertain, but it is a healthy sign that, when a really sound home industrial concern is offered, it is eagerly snapped up. We hope you have not applied for the shares of the West London Banking Company, which seems to us to have a very uphill fight

in front of it before anything like a sound business can be established. It would be very interesting to have an explanation of the reason the scheme is being fathered by the Banking Securities Corporation, and what sort of an account that concern proposes to keep with its baby. The world has seen Trust companies started to relieve banks, but the converse case is not impossible, although we do not say that it is so on this occasion.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE WEST LONDON BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED, is offering 50,000 ordinary shares of £20 each, on which £5 is to be called up, and 50,000 5 per cent. preference shares of the same amount, on which the whole will be called up. The preference shares will be offered at £2 premium. The directorate is strong—and, indeed, too large—and several novel features are proposed in the articles of association. We do not see the advantages of a bank whose head office is in Pall Mall rather than in Lombard Street, but, no doubt, the concern is a *bond fide* company, which will be honestly managed, and, in time, will get together a business of, perhaps, a lucrative nature—only it will take time.

LINDSAY'S EXTENDED GOLD MINES, LIMITED, is formed, with a capital of £65,000, in £1 shares, to work twenty-eight acres close to Coolgardie. The vendors take all the purchase consideration in shares. But we have seen, within the last week or two, several West Australian concerns which we prefer to this one.

THE TAMWORTH GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED, with a capital of £85,000, in £1 shares, is issuing 55,000 shares. The purchase price is £75,000, payable as to £15,000 in cash, and the area is about sixteen acres in New South Wales. The property has been worked in a primitive manner, and 380 tons of quartz have yielded over two thousand ounces of gold.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. E. B.—Both Breweries you name are good, especially the first. There is a good season in front of brewers, but you must understand that, like all trade-concerns, the ordinary shares will fluctuate. Preference shares should be good enough for a lady of small means, or such drapery shares as John Barker and Co. Ben Evans debentures should suit you.

ACCIPETER.—(1) We have never spoken, as far as we can remember, unfavourably of the Nitrate Company. Can you refer us to any answer, or do you assume it is so? We believe it to be an honest company, and see no reason for you to regret having a small interest in it. (2) We do not know anything about the British Aluminium Company, but the "Aluminium Company" of Abchurch Lane we do know. All these concerns dealing with patent processes are risky.

RELIQUES.—See last answer. We are sure you could do better with your money. If you go into patent processes, you will either make good profits or total losses, and we should never advise preference shares of such concerns.

REGENT.—The future of the Commercial Bank of Australia depends on the course of events in the Colonies, and especially in Victoria, during the next two years. We should say, risk it, if you can afford to do so: if not, sell; but you can only do so, we think, by sending out to Melbourne.

ANXIOUS BUYER.—(a) We do not know these prior lien bonds, but the 5 per cent. first mortgage bonds we do know. We presume the prior liens are the outcome of the reorganisation. It is a miserable concern: if you are in, you must hold on, but if not, have nothing to do with it. (b) Fair shares, but with a heavy liability. (c) You mean New Orleans and Southern Railway. The same answer applies as in the first case. (d) We don't care for the company. (e) The first pref. might be worth buying, but not the second. (f) We would not touch it. (g and h) Very good to hold, especially the second. (h) At present price one of the worst railway shares, and, in our opinion, above its value. In every case except *h* you could do better with the same class of security.

GOLD.—We really cannot select Kaffirs for a quick rise. Ely Brothers are good industrial shares, and so are Telegraph Construction.

A. M. P.—(1) Yes. (2) Fair shares, but we prefer many other concerns of the same class. (3) We will send the name of the firm of lottery bond dealers, if you like, but only by private letter.

G. W.—We hope you have got our private letter. Thanks for enclosure.

CIGAR.—Yes, in both cases.

H. E. W.—We advised these shares for a rise some months ago, and it came off, but we have little belief in them as a sound holding.

GILT-EDGED.—(1) It is a splendid company, but at present the liability is unlimited. This is, we understand, to be altered. The present price is about £275 a-share, paying £13 10s. a-year. (2) We doubt it; but write and ask the liquidator.

LEGATEE.—You might buy (1) City of Dunedin 1925, or City of Auckland 1930, or Christchurch Drainage 1926 Six per Cent. bonds, Lehigh Valley Railway of New York Four-and-a-Half First Mortgage Gold bonds, or Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Four-and-a-Half Gold bonds, Tamplin and Son Brewery preference shares, Tadcaster Towers Brewery Four-and-a-Half debentures, and Highland Railway ordinary stock. (2) We should hold the Buenos Ayres stock for a rise, but it is a matter of opinion.

MILES GREGARIUS.—It is a miserable list, and you will never see your money back. Hold 3, 4, 5, and 7; sell 6. Write to the River Plate Trust, 52, Moorgate Street, and ask about No. 2. We fear it is a bad job.

J. P.—If you will give the full name of the railway, we will advise you, but there is no Ottoman Railway, and there are three which begin with that word.

O. P.—(1) Sell the first, if you want to be safe. (2) The Bank stands well, but there is a liability. For reinvestment, see answer to "Legatee."

F. E. L.—A search at the Bankruptcy Court would probably give you the information you want, but it would involve considerable time and some small fees. The firm who acted as trustees mentioned by you is probably Messrs. Cooper Brothers, of 14, George Street, Mansion House. Write to them and ask. If they fail, ask your solicitors to have the search made, or we will get it done for you for one guinea.

B. F. AND CO.—The concern has not gone to allotment. You can get the prospectus by applying to John Eland, Esq., 12, New Court, Lincoln's Inn, W.C. We reply only through the paper, except in accordance with Rule 5.